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My dear brother!
This book is good
no more
I have done
my duty

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DOG HEROES



BOB OF CARMEL.

A remarkably brave and clever Alsatian.

(Frontispiece.)

DOG HEROES

TRUE STORIES OF CANINE BRAVERY

BY

PETER SHAW BAKER

*With Eight Plates in Full Colour
from the pastels by
MRS. G. SHAW BAKER
and Sixteen Plates in Photogravure*

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED
LONDON AND MELBOURNE

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"For, without are dogs . . ."

—REVELATION xxii, 15.

Not very far without, oh let them be
Gathered beyond Heaven's door, all hopefully,
Waiting their lord's quick summons or command,
Dreaming they hear his voice, or feel his hand ;
And—wistful muzzles to the threshold pressed
Ask, as of old, the chance to give their best.
Thus may they wait, with homage in their eyes,
Till the Great Master of the House arise
And, flinging wide the door, their penance ends.
Love is Heaven's password, "Come ye in my friends."

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

May, 1919.

*This poem first appeared in the "New York Times,"
and is reprinted here by kind permission of the editor.*

First published 1935

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INTRODUCTION

THE Dog occupies a unique place in our lives. Of all the animals we have tamed and taught to obey us, no other has succeeded in earning so many privileges. The reason being, of course, that none of them has been able to pay the price ; for it is quite impossible to obtain anything in this world for nothing. What, then, has the Dog given us, that no other animal has been able to, in order to purchase the position he holds to-day ? He works for us, but so do the reindeer, the ox, the camel, and many other animals. Is it that he satisfies our whim to possess a living plaything, some creature to amuse us in our idle moments ? Hardly, for the goldfish, the canary, and the parrot fulfil that rôle too. And it certainly is not because he provides food and raiment for us.

No, he has won his privileged position because he is able to pander to our extraordinary sense of vanity.

He surrenders himself to us completely, and, once having done so, remains loyal even unto death. Nothing, not even harsh and unjust treatment from the beloved hand, will shake his fealty. In no other heart, not even that of a fellow creature, will we find such enduring, unalterable—one might almost say blind—allegiance. It matters not at all to a Dog whether you are a criminal or a judge, selfish or generous, clever or a dunce, his heart will always

remain true once he has given it to you. Not long ago an instance came to light in a Police Court of a dog creeping up and licking the hand of a miserable wretch who had, a moment before, battered the poor beast with a lump of wood until it was half dead.

We have, every one of us, a strong sense of vanity, and it would be a strange thing if we remained unaffected by such fidelity. All a Dog asks is to be with us ; but of course he gets much more. Being by nature vain, we are flattered, and extend the hand of friendship to him ; he responds readily, and we discover in him a constant fount of companionship, a nature sensitive to both joy and grief, and a mentality amenable to instruction.

There is a pretty legend that tells how the Dog first came to occupy the unique position he does. It relates how, after the Creation of the animals, a rift opened between Adam and the creatures he had named. The Dog stood gazing wistfully at the gradually widening gulf, and then leaped the chasm and took his place by the side of Man. However little truth there may be in this charming legend, it pictures accurately enough the position occupied by the Dog. Perhaps his nearest rival for this honoured place is the Horse, but he is sadly handicapped by the size of his body, which perforce denies him entry to his master's home ; the Cat, who is not under this disadvantage, cannot be considered as a rival because she only accepts the hospitality of the hearthrug with condescension, and will go away to a better home if not satisfied.

All the dogs whose stories are related in this book have either saved human life at risk of their own, or performed some other gallant action deserving of recognition. In doing so, some have given all it was possible to give—their lives ; but the rest are nearly all still alive, and it is felt certain that every reader will join with the author in the wish that their owners may continue to enjoy the companionship of their faithful friends for many years to come.

One fact worthy of special note is that, almost without exception, the owners of these Dog Heroes state that the animals are passionately fond of children, and are never happier than when playing in their company.

There is much food for thought in this fact. Many of the best-loved men in the world have had a streak of childishness in their natures. St. Francis, the well beloved, patron saint of all animals, was a child at heart ; impetuous, gentle, and with a grand capacity of deriving joy from his contact with every living creature. Practically every child at some period of infancy sees the world, albeit in miniature, as St. Francis saw it all his life. The infant fails, perhaps, to see the glory of nature as a whole, but it does claim kinship as St. Francis did, with an individual sparrow or daisy, a fact that governs many of its actions and determines its attitude towards all its fellow creatures. During this natural, innocent period of intellectual growth, all things, animate and inanimate, are vested with personalities to the child. Flowers, trees, birds, animals, a doll, a teddy-bear—

they are one and all *alive*—they can be talked to, and talk back. In most cases it is a phase of paradise that passes quickly. With St. Francis, and some few other men, it never passed. In this mental respect he never grew up. He was kind to all creatures, not for sentimental reasons, but because of a magnificent sense of gratitude. In every man and beast and bird and plant he recognised an individual expression of Life, fulfilling its appointed rôle and willing either to serve him or to give him pleasure. We all enter the world with an outlook closely akin to St. Francis', but contact with the world robs us of it. Would not life be more pleasant and peaceful were we to make greater efforts to frustrate the robber? Glance for a moment at the life of St. Francis. Never a man, from the Pope to the beggar, from the Sultan of Syria in his pavilion to the ragged robbers in the woods, but respected him. Beggars and vagabonds loved him; princes forsook their wealth to follow him; the birds hushed their song to listen to him; wild beasts licked his hand; and little cowering creatures in the woods crept out to welcome him. The author is firmly convinced that in the future development of humane education will be found the solution of many of the international problems so evident to-day. When once the mind grasps man's true kinship with the animal creation, and the grand unity of Life, the need for absolute justice as between man and man as well as between man and beast is seen as an indisputable necessity.

It is hoped that the facts told in this book will help the reader to understand a little better the mentality and character of the canine race in general ; the details have been thoroughly investigated and are authentic beyond doubt. There are probably hundreds of dogs alive to-day who would emulate the bravery of these Heroes, were the opportunity to arise.

THE ' VC ' OF THE CANINE WORLD

It is largely due to the courteous assistance of the Editor of the *Daily Mirror* that the stories of many of the Dog Heroes related in this book have not passed unrecorded, and so been lost in the limbo of time. In 1930 the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror*, who have always adopted a sympathetic attitude towards animal welfare, conceived the admirable idea of inaugurating a League of Kindness to Animals ; a Brave Dog's Roll of Honour was instituted, and it was decided to award what has now come to be known as the ' VC ' Collar to all dogs who had risked their lives for human beings. Since the inception of the scheme, hundreds of cases have been investigated by the *Daily Mirror*, but only thirty-six awards have been made.

The collar is designed in handsome blue morocco with silver mountings and a silver badge inscribed ' FOR BRAVERY.' A certificate recording brief details of the dog's brave deed is presented to the owner, and the dog's name and a short account of

his gallantry are inscribed in the Roll of Honour ; this may be inspected at the offices of the newspaper by anyone interested in the matter.

The author's sincere thanks are due to the Editor of the *Daily Mirror* for permission to include in this book the stories of how these dogs earned their collars ; the author is also indebted to all the owners of the dogs for their willing help in supplying details and corroborating facts.

The public interest aroused in the *Daily Mirror* Brave Dogs has been so keen that arrangements have been made for them to appear in person at various Dog Shows every year—Crufts, the Ladies' Kennel Association Show, and the Birmingham Dog Show. A special bench is set aside for them and nobody who has the opportunity should miss meeting them.

For various reasons the stories of all the *Daily Mirror* Brave Dogs are not included in this book ; but it is hoped to deal with the remainder, and some other Dog Heroes, in a further volume.

The extracts from Captain Scott's Diary are reprinted in Chapter XIII by the kind permission of Lady Hilton Young and the publishers, Messrs. John Murray.

CHAPTER I

JACK

IF you were walking quietly along the street and threw a lighted cigarette end into the gutter, what would you think if a small, curly-haired dog immediately pounced upon it, and then rolled over on the lighted stump with a great show of energy? Probably you would suspect rabies, and hurry away in alarm. But your assumption would be quite wrong, and the incident is as likely as not to occur to anyone discarding lighted cigarette stumps in the streets of Plymouth and Devonport. The dog would be Jack, a little spaniel belonging to Mr. C. B. Litchfield. Fire-extinguishing is an ineradicable habit of Jack's. In the winter evenings he lies stretched on the hearthrug, apparently asleep; but if a spark happens to fly out beyond the fender, Jack is up in a second, stamping on it with his paw, until satisfied that it is no longer alight. He will do the same if anyone throws a lighted match on the ground.

Jack developed this remarkable and highly praiseworthy habit entirely of his own accord. He was alone in the house one day. Some clothes which had been left in front of the fire to air, caught alight. Jack straightway rolled upon them until

the flames were extinguished, in spite of the fact that he was badly burned in the process. He was over two years old at the time, and had never been taught to do anything like this. It may seem almost incredible that a dog should do such a thing without previous training, but the facts have been thoroughly investigated.

The incident occurred in March, 1930, at Mr. Litchfield's home in Haddington Street, Devonport. Over the gas stove in the kitchen Mr. Litchfield had fixed a patent clothes airer, which folded up when not in use. The contraption proved to be very useful, providing a quick and convenient way of airing the clean clothes. On this particular day Mrs. Litchfield, who was alone in the house with the exception of Jack, put a number of articles on the airer, just before going out to do her shopping. She had a lot of clothes she wanted to get aired ready for use that day, so she put as many as she could on the rack over the gas stove, and left the remainder in a basket on the floor. Before leaving the house, she put a kettle on the stove with a low flame of gas burning beneath it; she had only a few things to buy at the shops, and wished to have the kettle ready boiling on her return. During her absence though, the weight of the clothes on the airer pulled the nails out of the wall, and the whole thing fell down on top of the stove. The flames under the kettle soon set the clothes alight, and they fell to the floor. The fire spread to the other clothes in the basket; they in turn set the rug ablaze.

Mrs. Litchfield had left Jack in the kitchen. With a truly remarkable show of intelligence, the dog apparently realized the danger of the situation, and as there was no one else there, proceeded to deal with the matter himself. There was only one way he could do this. He knew his mistress was out, so barking would be of little avail; the doors were shut, so he could not go out and fetch help. The only other thing was direct action aimed at the root of the trouble. One can only conclude that Jack realized all this; his subsequent action seems to leave little doubt on the point. He scratched the clothes out, and then rolled upon them, extinguishing the flames. When Mrs. Litchfield returned, she found him so employed; he had succeeded in putting out almost all the flames, but had got badly burned all down his right side in doing so. Ever since that day, Jack always attempts to extinguish anything he sees alight on the ground, a fact which tends to dispose of the possibility that his attack on the burning clothes and rug was not intentional, but due to panic; had his action been a mere frenzied attempt to escape from one of the articles of blazing clothing after it had fallen on him, surely he would have fled from the vicinity of the fire as soon as he had freed himself? Further, it would undoubtedly have set firmly in his mind a great dread of fire, and a desire to avoid it on all occasions.

As soon as she could, Mrs. Litchfield got some oils and ointments and put them on Jack's burns. His right side was scorched bare, and it was several weeks

before he recovered from the after-effects ; even now there is a slight mark on his coat, just above the haunches, where he suffered the most severe burns.

Needless to say, Jack has every comfort and attention that a dog could desire, for irrespective of his brave action, he has won a secure place in the hearts of his owners, who would not part with him for love or money. In his puppyhood days, though, he went through all the hardships that crowd upon the unwanted stray. Mr. Litchfield found him on Easter Sunday morning, 1928, huddled up miserably in the doorway of a theatre. The puppy was, as near as Mr. Litchfield could judge, about six or seven months old and seemed to be a cross between a spaniel and a wire-haired terrier. Gathering the forlorn little creature up in his arms, the man took it along with him to his place of business, and later in the day the puppy was comfortably installed in the house which, two years afterwards, he was to save from destruction. The following day he was taken for a walk in the country. Even the few short hours during which he had been under the care of his new owner seemed sufficient to convince him that his future was assured, for with true youthful abandon, he cast aside the burthen of his recent woes, and scampered about full of glee. His exuberant spirits caused great consternation in one farmyard, where he chased all the fowls madly, and finally had to be pulled out of a chicken coop by his hind legs.

On another occasion he was out in the country and

set off in pursuit of a flock of sheep. Most of them ran away, but one, a little less timid than the rest, turned and 'baa'd' loudly at him before hastening after its companions. Valiant Jack! He turned and fled across the field as though his very life were in jeopardy.

The only member of the household who viewed Jack's arrival with disapproval was Turko the cat. Turko had held undisputed sway in the home for over six years, and was naturally inclined at first to resent the puppy's sudden intrusion; but Jack's winsome ways soon won her over and within a day or two they were chasing each other all round the house. Once when they were playing together, Jack accidentally pushed the cat out of the first-floor window; but, as everyone knows, cats have a strange ability of righting themselves and landing feet first; so Turko escaped with nothing worse than a slight shock. Jack and Turko now live in separate houses, but whenever they meet, they exchange a kiss, and usually have a game, although the cat is now in its twelfth year.

Jack is extremely fond of swimming, and as there are numerous sheltered little coves within easy reach of his home, he has ample opportunity of indulging his passion. He loves to race along the sands, and dash in and out of the foam. On one occasion his master was in the water, and curious to see what Jack would do, pretended to be sinking and called to the dog for help. Jack dashed into the waves, swam out to him and grabbed his bathing dress

between his teeth. Mr. Litchfield was both amused and gratified, but when he tried to show Jack that he was really quite safe, the dog would not let go ; he ignored all commands and simply went on tugging violently at his master's bathing costume. They were in shallow water, so the man tried to stand up ; there came an ominous ripping sound, and then, much to his embarrassment, and the amusement of the onlookers, Mr. Litchfield was left standing in the water without a costume, whilst Jack flopped back into the sea, the torn garment hanging from his mouth. Eventually Mr. Litchfield managed to retrieve the tattered remnants of his bathing dress, and, wrapping it round him as best he could, fled in confusion from the public gaze.

Unfortunately, since 1933 Jack has not been able to go swimming quite so much. Shortly before he was due to go up to London to join the other Brave Dogs at Cruft's Show, he got caught beneath the hoofs of a cart horse ; one of the horse's huge feet descended on his front legs, breaking one and dislocating the other. He was hurried to a vet., who put his legs in plaster of Paris. Jack endured the subsequent convalescence patiently, and in due course his legs set and he was able to use them again. But the power has gone out of them and he can only swim a short distance ; when the water is cold, too, it seems to affect his legs, so he only goes in on very warm summer days ; before the accident he used to have a dip regularly every morning, summer and winter.

Jack always goes with his master to business in the morning, and when it is time to return home for lunch, he gets quite impatient if Mr. Litchfield keeps him waiting after the usual time. One winter evening he protected Mr. Litchfield's fiancée from the unwelcome attentions of a tramp who accosted her in a lonely part of the town. She was on her way into Plymouth, and her route lay across a deserted piece of waste ground known as "the Brickfields." It was just getting dusk and there was no one else about. The tramp barred her way on the footpath and demanded money ; on being refused, he threatened violence. His threats were vain, though, for Jack leapt upon him, and bit his leg ; in a few moments he was running away as fast as the injured limb would permit.

Jack does not make friends easily, and will refuse anything to eat offered him by a stranger unless his master tells him it is all right. But he has struck up a friendship with the boys at a school near his home, and often joins them in their games in the playground. He seems to be very jealous and gets quite annoyed if his master speaks to any other animal.

CHAPTER II

BOB OF CARMEL

BOB of Carmel has very many remarkable abilities, but perhaps the most remarkable of all is his faculty of thought reading. He can, in a manner which will be explained later, divine one's thoughts without a single word being spoken. Many people may, at first, be inclined to accept this statement with scepticism ; but the author has had on several occasions the privilege of personally testing Bob's ability, and, for reasons which will be stated, feels convinced that it is no mere 'trick.' There are, as anyone who has made even a slight study of animal life will admit, a large number of things connected with the animal mind about which we know practically nothing ; and probably never shall know, until such time as the mystery of Life itself is revealed.

Nevertheless, the investigator into matters connected with telepathy, or its allied faculty, clairvoyance, should advance with a wary step, and not be too hasty in arriving at conclusions, for in such subjects it is not sometimes difficult for the incautious to be convinced by false evidence. For instance, there was a case once of a 'calculating horse' who correctly reckoned out sums by placing his hoof on

large numbers which were drawn on pieces of cardboard and put on the ground in a circle round him. It transpired, however, that the animal was not really endowed with a mathematical turn of mind, as the results were accomplished by a cleverly-designed system of imperceptible signals between the horse and its master ; there was also once a similar case of a dog who spelled out words in the same manner. W. H. Hudson also relates how an apparent case of clairvoyance turned out to be simply an instance of a person possessing an amazingly acute sense of smell.

For all that, it is not reasonable to affirm that telepathy and clairvoyance in man and beast are impossible, simply because we know so little about the subjects ; just so, a scientist of say, the year 1900, might have declared that broadcasting as we know it to-day, was impossible. Speaking of a strange incident in animal life, Hudson says : “. . . many a naturalist would decline to believe it ; and his reason for disbelieving it would be the same as that of the scientist or psychologist for refusing to believe in telepathy—*because it is impossible*, or in other words, because it is inexplicable, which means only that it is not yet explained.”

But to return to Bob of Carmel and his thought-reading powers. Bob—who, incidentally, is an Alsatian owned by Mr. Elliott Durham, of Northwood, Middlesex—does it in this way : four objects are placed in a row on the floor, some six or nine inches apart. The person whose thoughts the dog is

to divine takes up a position at the end of the row, and the dog himself is placed some five or six feet away, facing the row of objects. Bob's master then tells him, in quite an ordinary tone of voice, that the person has selected one of those four objects, and invites him to look at the person and see if he can find out which one it is. It should be emphasized here that *no one* is told which of the four articles is the selected one ; the selector, and he only, knows. Further, the selection is made by a single glance, without touching the objects. The Alsatian straightway fixes the person with an intense stare, which he holds unblinkingly for anything from one to three or four minutes ; the person during this time conjuring up in his mind as strong a mental picture as he can of the object, and its position in the row. Bob signifies his reception of this mental image by emitting a low growl ; on being released, he leaps forward and pounces upon the object selected. It is interesting to note the dog's attitude during the performance ; his body becomes slightly rigid, his head is thrown forward a little, and his large ears stand erect ; his eyes are fixed unflinchingly on those of the person, and the eyelids never show the slightest flicker. In short, the whole attitude is one of expectancy. His gaze is extraordinarily intense, and the eyes have a peculiar expression of concentrated inquiry and aggressiveness ; one's feelings, after returning, eye to eye, this scrutiny, are decidedly mixed. On one hand there is an uneasy feeling that the dog was preparing to fly at your throat, whilst

this is counterbalanced by his strangely expectant attitude, which gives the feeling that he is striving to ascertain your wishes and will perform them immediately he knows what they are.

The dog's propensity for thought reading in this way was discovered by his master quite by accident one day ; Mr. Durham was telling some friends how he had been training Bob to pick out different objects by name. The dog was out of the room and Mr. Durham, in order to demonstrate the dog's capabilities, put a card on the floor, away from where they were seated, and called Bob in, intending to tell him, in an ordinary conversational tone of voice, to go and pick it up. Bob bounded into the room, came to a sudden halt, looked intently at his master, and before the man spoke, ran over to the card. The incident was trivial enough in itself, and easily explicable ; but it set Mr. Durham thinking, and subsequent experiments brought to light the dog's extraordinary powers.

Bob has since given proof of his capabilities with a number of different people. It is found that he does it best when in his own home ; elsewhere the unaccustomed surroundings (and, probably, scents) seem to distract his attention. Sometimes he fails to pick out the correct object, but nine times out of ten he is right ; obviously, a great deal must depend on the ability of the person to give out a strong, clear mental picture. It is easy to detect when he is not quite sure, for, on leaping up to the row of objects, he hesitates and then seems to lose patience, pawing

at several of them in turn. He always looks rather ashamed of himself when this happens.

The author's own tests of Bob's powers were made at three separate times. On each occasion the dog responded, correctly, in slightly less than a minute. On the first occasion, the four objects were cards selected at random from a pack, and a mental picture was conjured up of both the card itself (i.e. the colour and number of markings on it) and its position in the row. The second time a mental image of the position of the card in the row only, was formed. The four objects must be similar in shape and size, as it has been found that if one is markedly different from the rest, the dog's attention as he leaps forward is automatically drawn to it.

The fact that *no one* is told which object is the one selected effectively disposes of the possibility of the performance being accomplished by the dog receiving instructions in any way from his master. There remain two other possible explanations—smell and chance. Admittedly, a dog's sense of smell plays an all-important part in his life, but in this connection it can be disregarded ; in the tests recorded earlier, the first was made after *all four* cards had been handled by the author, whilst in the second and third none of the objects was touched at all. As for the element of chance, the possibility of the dog repeatedly picking out the right object in this way is indeed remote ; in a single test the odds are 3 to 1 against him ; a second test raises the odds to 9 to 1, a third to 27 to 1, a fourth to 81 to 1, and so on.

It is several years now since Mr. Durham first found out Bob's strange ability, and although he has not kept a record of the actual number of times, and with how many different persons, the dog has carried out the performance, the totals are sufficient to reduce the element of chance to a negligible point.

So much for Bob's thought reading powers ; they have been described here in detail because, apart from the psychological interest of the matter, the facts throw an illuminating sidelight on the mind and character of the canine race in general, and the seemingly inexplicable behaviour of some dogs. If one dog possesses the faculty, it is only reasonable to conclude that others of the species also possess it, albeit it is latent and only showing itself in a vague manner and on rare occasions under favourable conditions. Anyone who has witnessed a sheep-dog trial, for instance, must have marvelled at the amazing unity of purpose and co-operative action of man and dog ; they seem to act more as one divided than two subjoined. And again, the highly-trained police or guard dog requires only a nod of the head or a slight indication of the hand, to perform his duty. The command is understood, the thought conveyed without words ; true, in these instances, bodily signals, and intensive training afford an explanation, but a close observer can detect signs of something more—a harmony of mind and unity of purpose between man and beast bringing about a thought conception of the order. Any dog trainer will agree that complete mutual sympathy and mental concord

must be established between the trainer and his subject *before* any attempt to commence the animal's education is made ; the painstaking process of familiarizing the dog with certain words and signals by constant repetition follows, and nearly always the ultimate success or otherwise of the training depends on how intimate an understanding is attained during the all-important initial period of association.

It is only natural that a dog possessing so highly-developed a mentality as Bob of Carmel should also have a particularly intelligent grasp of the affairs of life in general ; and Bob certainly does not fail in this respect. Indeed, with the passage of time, the position he has come to occupy in Mr. Durham's household is such that it can truly be said of him that he is ' one of the family ' ; his absence, when he goes away for any reason, is felt by everyone, and could not be more noticeable were he a human being.

Bob has twice saved his master from probable death ; and this is the more remarkable, in that when a puppy he was considered to be the coward of the litter. Mr. Durham bought him in December, 1925 ; he was at that time living in Carmel, California, and, wishing to purchase a dog, went to some kennels in Monterey owned by Mrs. Dobbins, a well-known dog breeder. Mr. Durham expressed a preference for an Alsatian, and was shown a litter of four-months-old pups, from thoroughbred parents, Hahnor Virginia II and Prince Von Tachou, the latter being a descendant of Belgian Army dogs. These

pups were fine specimens, but the price asked seemed prohibitive ; Mr. Durham and his wife were discussing the matter, when Mrs. Dobbins pointed out a rather gawky-looking pup, whose name, she said, was Bob ; he had a stubby tail, ears that failed, as yet, to stand up, and wore a rather woe-begone expression. This dog Mrs. Dobbins explained was the coward of the litter, being utterly incapable of standing up for himself. For this reason, and also on account of his stubby tail (Bob was a descendant of Noris Von Kriminal Polizie and the defect was common to many of that dog's offspring) she was prepared to let him go at a very reasonable figure. In due course a bargain was struck, and Bob was taken away to his new home.

Bob and his master became friends immediately, but Mr. Durham found it a very embarrassing ordeal to take the dog out for a walk ; all Mrs. Dobbins had said about his cowardice proved to be only too true. If he saw another dog coming, he used to cringe in abject fear behind his master ; a growl, or the faintest sign of aggression from even very small dogs, sent him sprawling over on his back, whimpering for mercy. Obviously, unless the dog got rid of this pitiful sense of fear, his life would be a misery, and he would become the prey of every bullying dog in the neighbourhood. Time passed and he showed no signs of growing out of his timidity, so Mr. Durham decided to try and train it out of him ; chaining Bob up, he took a large stick and raised it as though to beat the dog. Naturally the puppy was terrified,

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MONA.

No one except a blind person can possibly realize what a heaven-sent blessing
a clever Guide Dog is.

and long ere the stick descended, rolled over yelping piteously, whereupon Mr. Durham dropped the stick, and walked away. This procedure was repeated time and again, until at length Bob realized that there was really nothing to fear; the first time he ignored the threat he was well rewarded, for it was the beginning of the end, the sounding of the death-knell of his sense of fear. Mr. Durham persevered, and his efforts were well repaid, for within a few weeks he could crack a whip within an inch of Bob's face, and slash it all round him, without the dog taking the slightest notice.

It is interesting to note here that, besides being awarded the *Daily Mirror* Collar, Bob was, in 1931, adjudged to be the bravest dog in California, winning the Latham Foundation Animal Hero Contest Gold Medal against the competition of nearly five thousand other claimants.

With the flight of fear from his heart, Bob began to appreciate his own fine physique; he came to realize that, as far as strength went, he was more than a match for 99 per cent. of the dogs in the district. When this happy realization dawned upon him, he set out to demonstrate the fact to all his former tyrants. This period of self-assertion was not without its anxieties for Bob's master, because scarcely a day passed but the dog came home carrying the scars of some fresh victory; on one occasion he limped home with his paw so badly lacerated that it had to be treated by a vet. The wounds were some time healing, and during his convalescence, he

showed the first signs of that quick grasp of cause and effect which has since become so very evident in all his actions. The injuries prevented him from using the foot, so Mr. Durham tied a sling round his neck, and laid the paw in it ; although his leg was not fastened in any way and it would have been quite easy for him to remove it, Bob kept it in the sling until the wound was healed and he could use the foot again ; it was, perhaps, a trivial enough incident, and a thing many dogs would have done, but it must be remembered that Bob was barely a year old, and it convinced Mr. Durham that he possessed an exceptionally keen intelligence and encouraged him to persevere with the dog's education.

In course of time, Bob not only vindicated his honour by vanquishing all the dogs who had formerly bullied him, but assumed a position of undisputed leadership amongst the canine population of Carmel. Mr. Durham's house was close to the sea, within easy reach of the famous Peeble Beach sands, and every morning before breakfast Bob used to go out and lead a pack of neighbouring dogs down to the sea for an early morning dip and race. Mr. Durham knew that Bob used to go out for an early run, but was unaware of the fact that he took ten or twelve other dogs with him, until one morning he happened to look out of the window, and saw, much to his amazement, ' Bob's pack ' (as they later came to be known) gathered in a group outside the garden gate. They were all standing or sitting waiting patiently in the road, and presently Bob trotted down the

garden path, the embodiment of self-possession, leaped lightly over the gate, and set off down towards the sea, the pack trotting at his heels. For about half an hour the dogs would race wildly up and down the silver sands and dash in and out of the waves ; then, their exuberant spirits eased, they would fall in behind Bob and return to their respective homes.

Meanwhile Bob's education was going forward apace ; an intimate alliance sprang up between the dog and his master, and they were seldom apart. He seemed, indeed, to understand almost every word the man said, and his anxiety to learn without delay all his master had to teach him was very evident. He learned many things ; to sit, stand, lie down, run, or walk ; to stop, jump over any obstacle, guard or retrieve articles by sign or word of command ; to return a salute properly, to bow, wipe his feet on the mat, close doors after him, and to take money to a shop and buy his own dinner. His shopping expeditions soon became well known, and the owners of the various stores in the town vied with one another to capture his custom. He had, though, his own preferences, and so long as he was served promptly (all other customers who happened to be in the store had to wait and let him be served first) and with satisfaction, he ignored all enticements on the part of rival establishments to induce him to change his custom. On one occasion, though, he had cause for complaint, and changed to another shop immediately. He had been in the habit of going to a certain candy store to buy a few ounces of a

particular kind of sweet for which he had a great liking. Then one day he was, probably by mistake, given the wrong kind. Never again did he go to that shop. In his opinion they had, what is colloquially known as 'sold him a pup,' and nothing would induce him to cross the threshold again.

Bob's great attachment to his master became at times rather embarrassing. Mr. Durham was a well-known figure in theatrical circles in Carmel, and used to produce and act in musical plays ; often Bob used to take part in these shows, and seemed greatly to enjoy appearing on the stage. On one occasion he was waiting in the wings to take his cue, whilst his master was on the stage, engaged in a love scene of a somewhat animated nature. Bob watched the proceedings for some moments with a disapproving eye ; Mr. Durham's part envolved a sharp tussle with the girl who took the part of the heroine, and when Bob saw the pair struggling in a close embrace, he apparently thought it was time he joined in. Bounding on to the stage, he leaped fiercely at the girl, much to his master's consternation, and the surprise of the audience.

Bob performed his first brave action in the summer of 1929, whilst out motoring with his master at Paso Robles. He was extremely fond of motoring, and always sat quietly on the seat beside the driver. Mr. Durham was, therefore, puzzled when the dog suddenly grew very restive, and started growling and pawing at him. Telling him to be quiet, he drove on. But Bob would not be calmed ; instead he became

more insistent, and started barking loudly. A few moments later the cause of his agitation became apparent. Flames shot up through the floor boards.

As quickly as possible Mr. Durham slowed down, and flung the door open to jump out. Before he could do so the car swerved, and turned over, pinning him beneath. At the same time the flames reached the petrol tank, which straightway blew up, spreading jets of flaming petroleum all over the car. Somehow or other Bob managed to leap clear of the wreck; turning back he dashed between the flames, and, catching hold of his master, dragged him out. Fortunately Mr. Durham was unharmed, but the sudden shock of the crash, and the heavy petrol fumes had dazed him, and but for Bob's prompt and courageous action he would undoubtedly have fared badly; indeed, the accident might easily have proved fatal. The incident occurred in a busy thoroughfare and was witnessed by a large number of people.

Naturally, this incident cemented even further the strong friendship between master and dog. But about a year later, in the spring of 1930, Bob again saved his master from probable death. Mr. Durham and some friends were out walking near Big Sur, Bob, of course, accompanying them. Mr. Durham got a little ahead of the rest of the party, and came upon a place where a bare, stony bank sloped steeply away from his feet, and ended abruptly in a precipice, at the foot of which, several hundred feet below, the waves of the blue Pacific churned to white foam as they dashed

against the jagged rocks. It was a spot of amazing splendour and beauty, and Mr. Durham stood gazing out over the sunlit ocean stretched far beneath him. Then, as he turned to rejoin his companions, a stone slipped beneath his foot ; losing his balance, he tumbled over and started to slither down the bank. The few moments that followed were indeed terrible, and ones that he is not likely to forget easily. Even as he fell, he realized that there was nothing to stop him from slithering down to the edge of the precipice ; and what his fate would be then, he knew only too well. In vain he tried to stop himself by digging in his hands and feet, but the stones broke loose and rattled away down the bank. By good fortune one of his outstretched hands closed round the branch of a small bush, before his body had gathered much momentum ; he gripped it firmly, and it arrested his fall. Luckily the roots held ; even so he was still in a most precarious position, for he was afraid to try and hoist himself up, in case the extra strain should prove too much for the slender shrub ; but his weight was all thrown on one hand, and he knew he could not retain his hold for long. Then it was that Bob came to the rescue. Nimbly leaping down to the spot, he planted his forefeet firmly on a piece of rock just above his master's head, and, reaching down, took his coat collar in his teeth. Throwing his head back the dog tugged upwards with all his strength, and thus the other members of the party found them when they hastened to the spot in answer to Mr. Durham's frantic calls for help.

Needless to say, he was soon pulled back to safety.

The following incident which took place shortly afterwards is amusing, and illustrates very well the remarkably quick way in which Bob is able to grasp the meaning of anything that is said to him. One morning he returned from his early morning exercise on the sands with a rather guilty look about him. And well might his conscience have pricked him, for he had succumbed to a dog's besetting sin—he had rolled on a muck-heap. As soon as he entered the door, a most distasteful odour (no doubt *he* thought it pleasant enough) pervaded the whole house. Rather shamefacedly he poked his nose into the breakfast room, only to be greeted with cries of "Oh, Bob, you dirty dog!" and the like. He tried the effect of letting his ears droop sorrowfully, and wagging his stumpy tail half-heartedly, but finding the results on his audience negligible, he slunk out of the room again, and was seen no more until a couple of hours later. His return was announced by the discovery of a trail of wet paw marks across the hall. On being called to appear and answer for the morning's misdeeds, he bounded out from some hiding place; he was more lively than before, and seemed to be quite assured that he had done the right thing. His coat was wringing wet, and, it must be admitted, most of the unpleasant smell had been washed away, though a faint tang still lingered. His master could only draw one conclusion—that the dog had gone down to the sea again and taken

another dip ; whether this was done with intent to wash away the smell or not, was highly debatable, but Bob was given the benefit of the doubt, and forgiven. But that is not the end of the tale. The same afternoon Mr. Durham met one of his neighbours, a doctor, in the street. Much to his surprise the doctor greeted him with some warmth. " That Bob of yours ! " he blustered, his voice charged with righteous indignation, " I—I'll teach him, I'll teach him ! " After a while the story came out, interspersed with dire threats against Bob's person. If a man took the trouble to build a lily pond in his garden, stammered the justly annoyed doctor, it was meant for a lily pond, to grow lilies in and keep goldfish in ; not for mad dogs to play their daft antics in. What right, he asked, had a great half-witted beast got to leap over somebody else's fence, jump purposely into his lily pond, splash and roll about in it and generally use it as a playground, until all the lilies were snapped off and all the goldfish dead with fright ?

Of course, the truth immediately dawned on Mr. Durham, and it is to the doctor's credit that he forgave Bob when the facts of the case were made known to him.

One of Bob's greatest friends in Carmel was a little terrier named Peggy, the pet of Dr. Terry, whose lily pond Bob had desecrated : Bob fought all this dog's battles for her, and the pair were together on every possible occasion. No doubt Peggy was very distressed when Bob came away to England,

and missed both his companionship and his protection.

Bob is not of an aggressive nature, rarely seeking a conflict ; but if challenged, he will accept unhesitatingly. He will never, though, engage a dog he has once defeated, seeming to consider it an undignified thing to do. On one occasion he showed a truly chivalrous spirit towards a certain dog who lived near by. For some unknown reason a deadly feud had sprung up between them, and they always tried to fight one another when they met ; their respective masters therefore took great care to avoid a conflict, which probably would have proved fatal to one, possibly both, as the other dog was, like Bob, a big, powerful creature. But it so happened that one day Bob saw his antagonist approaching unattended ; he himself was also unleashed. Both dogs stiffened, bracing their muscles for the coming battle ; for a moment or two they eyed one another, then the other dog lowered his head, advanced a few paces and finally rushed at Bob. Bob met the onslaught without flinching ; his great jaws opened and his gleaming white fangs were about to sink deep into his enemy's throat—when he stopped dead, turned and walked away ! His adversary was muzzled.

In 1932 Mr. Durham and his family left Carmel for England ; Bob seemed to enjoy the long sea voyage thoroughly, although when passing through the Panama Canal the heat seemed to trouble him a great deal. He soon made many friends on board ; a regulation required that all dogs should be confined

to a certain part of the ship, but Bob quickly overruled this restriction. On the second day out his master found him installed in state in the captain's best armchair, whilst that gentleman himself occupied a less comfortable seat. On arrival in England, Bob endured the six months' quarantine philosophically, though the confined quarters and restricted exercise put him out of condition. His master visited him often, and, although rather woe-begone, he seemed to realize that he was being shut up for some good purpose. One of the tricks he had been taught was to play the piano, and he had a small model instrument of his own. Although really a child's toy, this instrument, which is about 18 inches or 2 feet long, has a proper set of notes and is capable of being played. Bob plays it by placing one paw on the top to steady it, and striking the keys with the other, 'singing' a tune at the same time. He is very fond of this toy, so Mr. Durham left it with him whilst he was in quarantine. The first time he went to see Bob at the kennels, Mr. Durham invited him to play a tune; but Bob would not. However, when the time came to leave, Mr. Durham walked away, and then turned back to wave good-bye. But Bob had gone inside his kennel; and in a few moments the tinkle of a few rather doleful chords drifted across the yard, and mingled with the barks and howls of the other dogs.

Bob was good enough to go through his entire repertoire for the author's benefit, and here are a few of the things he did, in addition to those

mentioned earlier. A glass of water was balanced on his nose whilst he was in a sitting position. He lowered himself to a lying position, and then rose again, the glass still on his nose ; not a drop was spilled. His master bound his own legs together with a piece of stout rope, tying it in two, tight knots. Bob attacked the knots with such vigour that they were undone in a very short space of time. This trick is a self-taught one, and it is worthy of note that, instead of tugging futilely at the loose ends (which would only tighten the knots) or trying to bite through the rope, he hooks one of his long front fangs into the loop of the knot and so undoes it.

Although his master speaks to him in quite an ordinary tone of voice, Bob seems instantly to understand what is said. As an interlude to his performance he was taken for a short walk during which he pointed out various objects on being told to do so—a pillar box, a tree, the wheel-hub of a stationary car, a lamp-post, and so on. He does this by going up to the object mentioned ("Bob," says his master, interrupting the conversation, but not altering the tone of his voice, "show us a lamp-post") and pawing at it, emitting a funny sing-song growl at the same time.

The performance was concluded by a short concert. Bob's piano, already described, was produced and he played and sang, making both accompaniment and song loud or soft, bass or treble, as instructed. Finally, he gave his best note of all—a full-throated, resonant low C ; it is rather an effort for him to

reach down to this note, and he has to be coaxed and bribed with sugar before he will attempt it. Then after one or two preliminary notes, he manages with an effort to reach down to it ; after which he considers he has done his duty, and will perform no more. As the visitor for whom all this had been performed rose to leave, Bob was asked by his master, " Well, Bob, do you like Mr. Shaw Baker ? " The author is pleased to be able to record that Bob warbled assent, and, trotting across the room, held his paw up to be shaken.

CHAPTER III

THE GUIDE DOGS FOR THE BLIND

THE vast army of blinded ex-soldiers was one of the many tragic legacies that the Great War left to the belligerent nations. Germany started to solve the problem of her war-blinded in 1915 by providing them with trained guide dogs. To-day, there are nearly five thousand of these dogs at work in Germany ; in America there is a huge school where hundreds of dogs are trained every year ; in Italy, France, Holland, Switzerland and Belgium, thousands of blind people are walking about like seeing men and women, thanks to the aid of their canine guides.

Yet in the whole of Great Britain there are only twenty-five of these marvellous dogs at work. Why is it that we English, who pride ourselves on being the foremost nation of dog lovers, are so deplorably behind-hand in providing our blind people with canine guides ? It was precisely the same with the messenger dogs in the War. To provide a blind person with a guide dog, is to confer a boon second only to sight itself.

No one except a blind person can possibly realize what a heaven-sent blessing a guide dog is. Probably the hardest trial of all for the blind, is the loss of

independence. Someone once said to a blind man how he admired the patience of the blind. "We are not naturally patient," answered the blind man, "but we have to bottle up our feelings. If, when we are kept waiting, we made a fuss, the next time we might find we had no one to fetch us at all." Imagine, then, what it means to a blind person, suddenly to be given a friend who is always only too delighted to help at any hour of day or night; a friend who can be trusted implicitly never to fail; who will pick up and return anything that is dropped, and on top of all will be a constant, loving companion.

All the dogs used for this work are female Alsations. Very few people indeed can train them to the requisite standard. On the Continent, it has been found that the proportion is about one person out of every ten who are even accepted as apprentices to the master trainer. It is a work in which there can be no mistakes; the blind person's life depends upon it. Owing to quarantine difficulties, dogs trained abroad cannot be imported into England, so in 1931 a British Guide Dogs for the Blind Society was formed under the chairmanship of Capt. J. C. Fingkon. A training centre was established at Wallasey, Cheshire, and an experienced instructor was lent by "L'Œil qui Voit," a Swiss organization which trains dogs for Switzerland, France, Italy and America. Four dogs were trained at Wallasey as an experiment; this proved so successful that the school is now a permanent establishment.

Actually, the dogs are not trained, but educated. They have to learn to think for themselves ; they have to make rapid and unerring decisions, and act upon them without hesitation ; often they have to obey an order by disobeying until it is safe, or obey by carrying out the order in a different way ; and, most important of all, they have to realize that so long as the harness is on, they must let *nothing* distract their attention from their duty, even for the split fraction of a second. Inattention for a fleeting moment at a crucial time, might spell death to the blind person. This really is the most marvellous thing of all about the dogs. For two, three, four, five hours—almost indefinitely—the dog will lead its master through traffic and along crowded pavements, past lamp-posts, trees and kerbs, round ladders and holes and all other obstacles, never for an instant paying the least attention to anything except its duty. When one remembers the nature of a dog—its desire to play or converse with others of its kind ; its natural curiosity about everything it sees out ; its desire to linger and explore the possibilities of all scents and sounds ; and its habit of sometimes throwing caution and obedience to the winds if anything suddenly seizes its attention—when one remembers these deep, inborn traits of character, one can only marvel at the self-control and devotion displayed by the guide dogs in conquering them. A guide dog has never yet been known to fail its master. This is indeed heroism of the highest order ; never a day passes but the man places his life in the dog's

keeping, and does so happy in the knowledge that the trust will be faithfully fulfilled.

A curious thing is that some of the dogs, when the harness is removed, are as carefree and irresponsible as any others of their kind. Mr. Birchall, a blinded ex-soldier who lives at Barnes, Surrey, takes Mona, his canine guide, for exercise on the common nearby. She plays and romps joyfully with other dogs, but during that time she seems quite devoid of 'road-sense'; unless watched carefully by Mrs. Birchall, the dog will dash recklessly across the road without the slightest regard for traffic. Yet as soon as her harness is on, she will lead her master safely across the busiest highway. Apparently she does not connect the lessons she has learned with her own safety, but only with that of her master.

No dogs are accepted at the school until at least a year old; prior to this the brain is not sufficiently developed. The course, which is based on a psychological study of dogs and blind people, takes three months to complete. The first lesson is for the dog to learn to sit when a cross-roads is reached; then the pupil has to be taught to sit at the very edge of the kerb, and not several feet away from it. If she does the latter, the blind man would stumble at the next step. When a guide dog and its master become thoroughly accustomed to one another, the dog does not actually sit at each cross-roads, provided the road is clear of traffic; instead, it just lessens the pull on the harness, thus warning the man of the kerbstone.

The next task is to teach the dog to refuse to cross the road in front of traffic, and to stop in mid-road if any vehicle comes up unexpectedly. The dog then learns to obey the three commands : Forward, Left and Right, and to take all turns at right angles so as to preserve the blind person's sense of direction. As the course proceeds, the trainer spends some time walking, blindfolded, through the streets of Liverpool with the dogs, testing the pupil thoroughly, and correcting any faults. Finally, the blind person comes to the school for a three-weeks' instructional course.

Not all blind people are suited temperamentally to have a guide dog: Naturally, there has to be a high degree of mutual sympathy and understanding in order to achieve success. It is found easier to accommodate blind men, than blind women ; most men seem more readily and naturally, than women, to strike the right note of comradeship-cum-discipline in their relations with the dogs. Of the twenty-five dogs now at work in England, only one is owned by a woman.

The blind person's first duty on going to the school, is to spend three days alone in his room with the dog ; he feeds it by hand, and calls it by name. The object of this is to make the dog understand that this person is to be its one and only master, and also to see whether the two are suited temperamentally. Prior to this, the dog has lived communally with the other dogs under training ; now it is separated, and all its wants are attended to by the blind person. The

feeding plays an important rôle in the system ; no one except the blind person must ever feed it, and he always does so by hand. The diet, which consists of best quality raw meat, and some biscuits, per day, must be rigorously adhered to ; the work is a considerable strain upon the dog's nervous system, and any loss of condition would quickly show itself in the dog's work.

Every command is given by means of a single word. When the man wants the dog simply to come to him, he calls it by name ; when he wants it to guide, he gives the order " Come ! " and the dog goes round the back of him and sits at his left (always the left) side. The harness comprises a leather covered hoop which rises to about a foot above the dog's back, in a convenient position to be grasped by the hand. It is strapped to the dog so that the ends of the hoop lie against the dog's shoulders. This is the centre point of all movement ; after a little practice, the blind person can tell almost what the dog is thinking, by means of the movements transmitted through the harness to his sensitive fingers. The movements of the shoulders indicate to him whether the dog is going to veer to the right or to the left, almost before the actual manœuvre is started. When the dog slows its pace on nearing a kerb, the backward pressure warns the man ; when the dog sits, the fact is communicated to the man by the downward movement of the hoop.

The high degree to which the dogs are educated may be gauged by the fact that the blind person

always has to walk with the left, or guide, arm, held closely to his side ; the dog is taught to guide him clear of obstacles *by the bare width of his body*. If he held the arm away from the body, the dog would misjudge the distance, and bump him when passing a lamp-post or tree.

Perhaps the biggest obstacle to overcome is to get the blind person to surrender himself completely to the dog. He must simply give the command of direction, and leave the rest to the dog. As everyone knows, the loss of sight sharpens the remaining senses ; sounds convey twice as much to a blind man as to a sighted one. Imagine, therefore, a blind man on the edge of the pavement, with his newly-acquired guide dog. He has given the command : " Forward," when suddenly he hears the rattle of an approaching tram or lorry. His every instinct tells him to hold back and wait. The dog at his side pulls forward. The rattle of the approaching vehicle grows louder, and is perhaps joined by the sound of others. Still the dog pulls. It must require tremendous courage and faith to respond ; to step blindly out into the vortex of swiftly moving traffic, content in the knowledge that the dog will not fail.

What sublime mutual sympathy, trust, love and loyalty is evinced here ! Probably these blind people and their dogs have established as close contact as it will ever be possible to attain between man and beast.

Anything the blind man drops, is picked up and returned at the left-hand side. The dog learns to lift

various objects in different ways. Thus, a handkerchief will be lifted gently by the corner, between the tip of the front teeth, with the lips curled back ; this avoids wetting it. A match box will be picked up, tossed in the air, and caught so that it protrudes from the left cheek, where it is easily grasped by the man. A coin will be held right inside the mouth, and spat out when the man runs his hand forward under the dog's chin.

Mr. Birchall, the blinded ex-soldier already mentioned, is a cabinet maker and Mona always sits with him in the workshop. He thinks that she must watch him intently all the time he is working ; many small pieces of wood drop to the floor from the bench as he cuts, but if he drops one he wants, and calls to her to retrieve, she always picks up and returns to him the one he has just dropped. She cannot do it by scent, because naturally he has handled all the pieces. Mr. Birchall is quite certain, too, that Mona realizes he is blind, and relates the following in support of his contention. The incident was witnessed by his wife. He and Mona were sitting by the fire, when the dog got up to leave the room. He ordered her back, and she obediently sank on to the rug. After a short interval, however, she rose again, but did so this time ever so slowly, without making a sound. Having gained her feet, she moved a few paces towards the door, and then sank on to her haunches. This operation was repeated several times, without a sound, till finally the door was reached ; the whole time the dog kept her eyes fixed

steadily upon the man, watching his face for the least sign that her movements were heard.

As a rule, Mona rarely leaves her master's side, no matter in what part of the house he is. When he takes a bath, she sits with her head over the side watching him. Not long ago he dropped the top off his tube of tooth paste. Mona was downstairs. He called her up and ordered her to find it. She sniffed around for some time without being able to find anything. He repeated the order, and she searched all over the floor again, still without success. The order was repeated a third time, and then she pushed her head beneath the bath, and extracted the elusive little cap.

A guide dog is a tremendous benefit to the health of a blind person. Mr. Birchall and Mona frequently take walks together of from eight to ten miles—the average pace being four to four and a half miles per hour! Another great advantage is that all nerve strain is completely eliminated.

An incident occurred a short while after Mr. Birchall had acquired Mona, which illustrates vividly the bond that exists between dogs and young children, referred to elsewhere. Mona at that time was very uncertain with strangers. Her life in the kennels at the school, and her intensive training with its keynote of allegiance to one person, and that person only, had the effect of making her decidedly unsociable outside the family circle. If left alone she was perfectly docile; but if any stranger in the street attempted to touch her, she

showed very plainly that she would not allow this. (Daily contact with the world has since softened her nature a great deal, and though still adopting a very distant attitude toward all strangers, she is perfectly safe). Several times an accident had nearly happened in this way; it must be mentioned that Mona has an all-white coat, and her unusual appearance, coupled with the harness she wears, inevitably attracts attention and tempts people to speak to her. Mr. Birchall was out with her and they stopped at a cross-roads. He gave the command: "Forward," but the dog remained sitting on the kerb and made no attempt to move. Thinking there was some traffic, he waited. Still Mona made no attempt to move. Mr. Birchall put his hand down; to his horror he felt a small bare arm clutched tightly round the dog's neck. It belonged to a little girl, who, seeing the dog sitting on the kerb, had, without a word, come up and embraced her! And most amazing of all, Mona was quietly licking the youngster's face! Mona is firm friends now with nearly all the children in the neighbourhood, and they welcome her with shouts of glee when she goes out for her exercise on the common.

Miss Mary Melling, of Bonnington Grove, Edinburgh, possesses a guide dog. She has been blind since birth. She went to Wallasey wondering; would she, or would she not, be able to put her trust in the dog? Her fears were dispelled the first time she went out alone with Mandy. They were crossing

a main road, when suddenly a car came along at high speed. But Mandy was quite equal to the occasion ; she simply sat down in the road, and waited till the car passed. That was a wonderful moment for Miss Melling. She knew definitely then that she could go anywhere in perfect safety with Mandy. A few days later, when she was out again, a lorry drove up and parked behind her ; she learned afterwards that there was enough room for Mandy to pass, but not for her also. What did the dog do ? Why, it simply turned the woman round in a complete circle, and then led her forward with yards to spare.

When the pair were returning to Edinburgh at the conclusion of the course, Mandy just waited long enough to see in which carriage their luggage was being put and then climbed in, drawing Miss Melling after her.

The following are extracts taken from letters written by blind men in appreciation of their canine guides. It is felt that they will prove of interest to those dog lovers who have not had the opportunity of seeing one of the marvellous dogs at work. The first, from Mr. A. Morgan, of Llandulas, shows how rapidly the dogs can think and act for themselves.

“ Do you remember mentioning to me some little time ago that you had seen me walking across Duke Street with someone, and Bella walking between us ? You wondered what she would do if anything came along, and I could not tell you, for I did not know. Well, Bella has answered the question for herself in a most decided and definite manner. John Williams, with whom I stay, loves to walk the hills, and so do I, and Bella walks miles in the same old way

between us, with an occasional dart into the bracken after something she has seen.

“ We had been for a long walk over the hills and had reached the village on the way home ; we had come down a road near the castle wall, and on reaching the main road waited until the traffic allowed us to cross. It was about half past eight, not quite dark, and the traffic towards Chester and Liverpool had slackened down considerably. We allowed a few cars to pass, and then nothing was on the road through the village. We had crossed the main road, which has no footpath at this point, and prepared to turn down a lane leading to the shore, intending to go home that way. There wasn't a car to be seen on the road, but as we approached the shore road, we heard a motor bike chugging slowly up the hill ; in fact, John Williams could see it, for there is only a low wall about three feet high on the roadside. The walls at the corner of the road are rounded, and as he reached the top of the lane, we were still a few feet from the corner, on the main road. The motor cyclist was evidently coming our way, for he was hugging the wall, on our side, Bella was in her usual position, between us and quite free.

“ Seeing this, Mr. Williams stopped, and we stood against the wall to allow him to pass. I stood against the wall, and John stood, not at right angles, but at an angle of, say, 45 degrees, with Bella standing behind him against the wall, with her nose sticking out, waiting patiently for the bike to pass. I do not know what was the matter with the fool. Though we were in full view, he kept hugging the wall, and made straight for us. He must have been either drunk or an imbecile, for he still kept on. Please remember that the road was quite clear, and that we were most emphatically in our right position. We had to give way and retreat backwards, John holding my arm and dragging me back, with Bella still between us backing slowly. The position was rapidly becoming impossible, when Bella suddenly forced her way to the front, and stood with her shoulders against my knees, and her hindquarters against John's knees, and pushed us back with all her force, at the same time turning her face to the motor cyclist and barking furiously.

"Slowly he turned out into the road, brushing against John as he did so, and putting on speed, vanished along the road. Of course, it all happened in less than half a minute. There was no mistaking Bella's intention. It was exactly as though she had weighed up the situation, knew what had to be done, and did it in a flash. Mr. Williams was very much upset for a few moments, because, as she leant heavily against him, he thought she had been hit, but as soon as the thing had gone she trotted down to the shore with great dignity, while John and I followed, boiling with indignation.

"I would not hesitate to go anywhere with Bella. My work with her has made me so entirely happy that I wish with all my heart for the sake of the blind community that the movement was turning out not 20 or 30 dogs a year, but 5,000 a year. No one could have gone through the experiences I have had with Bella and not be convinced that the Guide Dog movement is a step in the right direction. Why, it strikes at the very root of a blind man's disability. It helps him to get about quickly and easily. I am so happy and free from care that I want others to be the same. The pioneers of the Guide Dog movement have given me back my freedom. The next best thing to giving me back sight itself, was to give me Bella. When I wish to cross a busy thoroughfare, I walk to the edge of the pavement. My dog glances at the traffic. There is a steady stream coming along. Well, we can't wait here all day, can we? She knows exactly when to go and regulates her pace accordingly. Her judgment is never at fault; and we arrive at the opposite pavement without hurry, without scurry, without worry or palpitation of any kind."

These letters make joyous reading; they tell of love, of courage, of fidelity, of unlimited willingness to serve; they tell also of the restoration of the two priceless blessings of entire independence and constant companionship to those living apart from their fellow beings, in the loneliness of a darkened world. There is almost no limit to the stories that could be

told about these dogs and the services they give to their masters. There is a guide who takes her master through all the crowded streets of Liverpool and guides him through the maze of docks. Another who works at a chicken farm, and who carries the basket of eggs for her master, and takes him to all the markets in the neighbourhood. Another guide in America rescued her master from probable suicide ; he was blinded in a motor accident and completely helpless and miserable ; as a last resort they applied for a dog for him, and he is now manager and salesman of a tropical trout farm, his dog taking him all round the country getting orders. Another in England saw her master in danger of being injured by a heavy swinging door, and though she was not actually on duty (i.e. was not in her harness), she jumped up on him and pushed him out of the way. Another was on a pier with her master, and his hat blew off into the sea ; he was alone on the pier, but without hesitation the dog immediately dived into the water and rescued his hat.

“ As I have now been working with Flash for over six months, I should like, if I may, to place on record how completely she has revolutionized my outdoor life. For the better understanding of this change, it would be as well for me to give you some slight idea of the conditions obtaining prior to October last. My range of movement on foot was very narrow and my rate of walking such that I very rarely made use of my legs to the full. In spite of the caution with which I generally proceeded, I often tried conclusions with all manner of movable and immovable objects, with nearly always one result. It was, however, in the crossing of a busy street, that I experienced the most difficulty. I

had often to wait a considerable time before receiving any help.

"Behold me now with a practically unlimited range, and able to proceed at a good, health-giving pace. Obstructions of any kind have no terrors for me now, for Flash is so extremely sensible of my safety. Her piloting of me along a crowded pavement is so skilful, that it has to be seen to be believed. It is, however, in the crossing of a busy street that she is a triumph. No more unnecessary hanging about, for as soon as it is safe, off we go and often leave sighted people standing. Not only has my dog given me glorious freedom and independence, never known since pre-war days, but delightful companionship and an unfailing friend, from whom I always receive an exuberant welcome, after even a very short separation. Neither is she my dumb friend, for she communicates all manner of knowledge of which without her I should be quite unaware."

ALLEN CALDWELL, Wallasey.

"I have found Judith a loving friend, a constant and faithful companion, and always a willing and obedient servant whose one idea is to render the best possible service to me, to please me in everything, and to do my bidding with eagerness and pleasure, and in her I have discovered understanding and sympathy that it would indeed be hard to equal. To a blind man who is engaged in any outdoor occupation that necessitates a good deal of walking, particularly in one neighbourhood, no matter how large, busy or complicated this may be, a guide dog can fulfil all the functions of a human guide, and in the majority of cases will work quicker, continue for longer hours, is ready day or night, and what is more important, is a much cheaper proposition than ordinary sighted guidance.* Purely as a companion and the means of really healthy exercise, the dog is a real boon, and I have found Judith of immense value to me. To go home after a day in a stuffy office on a still stuffier tramcar, and to spend the evening in a warm room

* The average wage of a human guide is ten to fifteen shillings a week plus meals and fares, for an eight to ten hour day: a guide dog costs from five to six shillings a week, her hours are her master's.

by the fire, is certainly not conducive to the best health, and to an energetic day at the office on the morrow. To be greeted at home by a dog, full of vigour and only too anxious for a walk with you makes all the difference, and to have the opportunity of many miles of pleasant walking at nothing less than four miles an hour, is bound to have its result, and to me in this respect, Judith has been worth her weight in gold. I have walked with her for miles, down main roads with rapid motor traffic, up country roads with and without pavements, roads with awkward lamp-posts, protruding trees, overhanging boughs, and I have never had the slightest mishap that could in the least reflect upon the guiding powers of Judith.

“ If nothing more than this could be said, then I think dogs as guides for the blind have justified themselves. But much more can be claimed. Not only does the dog give greater speed and complete confidence, but also, above all, the priceless blessing of a real feeling of entire independence and self-reliance that can never be achieved when one is depending upon human guidance, or when one has to suffer the many inconveniences of getting over the ground alone.”

M. FRANKLAND, Liverpool.

“ Edwina has quite settled down. I am getting her used to the poultry. She will sit until I do my trap nesting, and never touches the birds. She starts work and goes with me every morning at six o'clock to the field.

“ It is only the blind person who really knows the value of the guide dog. Edwina is the joy of my life. I lost my sight during the war when I was serving with the Scottish Horse in Gallipoli in 1915. Then I returned home ; I was admitted into St. Dunstan's and I was trained to be a poultry farmer, but everywhere I wanted to go I had to have someone to take me. But now I have the pleasure of a guide dog, and it has brought new life to me. I would not part with her for anything. She takes me all over, collects eggs, carries corn and chick mash, brings all my joiner's tools, and brings all my poultry in. She will waken me at five o'clock every morning by pushing her nose into the bedclothes until I

answer her, then she brings my slippers and trousers, and waits until I have breakfast, then she will get the keys for the farm and will carry the corn for me while I am watering up. I think I cannot speak enough about her."

S. A. WORLIDGE,
St. Dunstan's Poultry Farm, Broughton.

"I would like you to know how grateful I am. No one, only the proud owner of a guide dog, knows how wonderful it is to follow and be in their company. Since I have had Olga as my companion, I have extended my small world to three times the size.

"One day in my workshop, Olga would insist on annoying me; on putting my hand down to caress her, I found she had my pension book in her mouth, which I must have dropped from my pocket outside the workshop. I go out every day for about a four mile walk, in, out and round people who are standing talking, and generally move with the normal person with ease and comfort."

J. WORTHINGTON, Stockport.

"I would not like to contemplate the future without my guide. I have no fear whatever of traffic or other obstacles—the more the merrier—as the more work I can give Pal the better she likes it. When she sees me place my dominoes in my pocket, she will take me safely to my destination. In fact, the public often think I can see, though I am totally blind, and they wonder how these dogs can be trained so efficiently or how we dare place our lives in their care, but let me assure you, I have every confidence in mine. If I drop a stud in the house, she will quickly recover it for me."

C. W. LAMB, Withernsea.

"I went into Hull last Saturday, the main road which I had to go down was crowded with people and Meta went very well, dodging in and out. Now this is only a small place and I am pleased to say that I have found more obstacles here to contend with than I did in Hull, such as holes in the pavement, boards laid full and half across the

pavement, and Meta has gone round them like a two-year-old. I had rather a funny experience the other day. I was going to the post office at the other end of the town, and was on the point of crossing a street, when a motor came along. Meta stopped, of course, and waited, and the motor stopped at the same time. We stayed a few minutes, and then an old gentleman came trotting from the other side, and told me he had stopped the motor, and I could cross in safety. Meta turned her head towards me as much as to say, "What is the matter with that old fool?" So I crossed and then asked him why he had stopped the motor. "Oh," he said, "I thought you would have got run over." I then asked him not to do it again, please, and told him that my dog did not like it."

G. LAMB, Yorkshire.

The fact that well-meaning people will try to take the dog's work upon themselves, is the only complaint that the blind owners of the guide dogs have to make. However good the intention may be, which prompts such unsolicited help, a blind man will not thank you for usurping his dog's duties. All he wants, is for you to give all information asked for. In some cases where a guide becomes well known in her district, local 'bus and tram drivers are inclined to give way to her; this is far from helpful, because the dog may come to expect the right of way, and of course would not receive it in a strange district.

"I cannot explain how pleased I am with my dog, as she really is wonderful, more than I had hoped for, as I can go anywhere I wish with comfort and confidence. I must tell you this. I was out the other night and my dog took me between two man-holes, and when I was coming back on the other side the same thing happened, and then the night watchman spoke to me, and when he found out that I could

not see, he was amazed, as he told me he was watching the dog and not me, and then he showed me the holes that I had passed, as there was only just a rope round them, and only three feet for me to walk on, so one side step would have seen me down one of the holes.

"Since I have been home with my dog, I have walked along roads that I have not walked for twenty years, and I can tell you that they have changed very much from what they were. Words cannot explain how much I appreciate my dog. I am sure no blind person can dream how good these dogs are until he or she has had hold of the harness and has followed her for a few miles. I just walk about as if I could see, and when I want to talk to anyone, I can talk to my dog as I am sure that she knows everything that I say to her."

G. H. MATHEWS, St. Helens.

"I miss Dinah more than ever I thought I would. It is like losing my sight all over again. My freedom and independence have gone completely, although it is only a matter of days since she has gone. At times I feel utterly miserable. If I had never had a guide dog, it would, of course, be different, but knowing the value Dinah was to me, I now feel lost without her. Instead of going for a walk at a good round pace, being taken past obstacles before I was ever aware of them, I now go about like a doddering old man, having to appeal to passers-by to escort me across every road, thereby exhibiting my blindness to all and sundry. When I had Dinah this sort of thing never occurred. If it is at all possible for you to alter this state of affairs by giving me the chance of another dog, I should be very grateful indeed."

L. OWENS, Liverpool.

"To me there seems so much to tell of marvels previously unheard of, but which to you will sound commonplace. For instance, within two hours of reaching home, Flare and I went, quite unaccompanied, to the police station, about a quarter of a mile away. I have re-entered a world I thought

had been closed to me for ever. It is not possible for me to translate into words the reaction brought about by being the owner of Flare, except to say that it is just wonderful to regain that independence of spirit, the firm and upright step and confidence of security that belonged to pre-war days, and which I once thought could never be brought back."

J. RAWLINSON, London.

"It will probably be argued that the owner of such a dog will tend to rely more and more, and in the end come to depend entirely on such a guide, and that this will be a disadvantage. In my experience, however, the opposite is the case. The dog, of course, hardly makes a sound while walking, so that one is able to listen to all the sounds around, give one's full attention to them and thus store up more accurate knowledge. The biggest advantage of a guide dog to a blind man accustomed to walking alone, is that all nerve strain is entirely eliminated. Blind persons who are accustomed to getting about alone will readily admit that their task is very much more difficult on windy days, or again on very noisy roads or on very open ground. With a guide dog, however, these difficulties disappear. Though I am out and about constantly with my dog, often along roads and lanes that have no side walk, but much used by traffic, I have not had the slightest mishap in these two years. To put the matter in a nutshell—I go where I like and when I like. As one who has had experience of getting about alone since 1917, I can say that a dog makes all the difference. That the time is not far distant when dog guides in this country will be as numerous in proportion to the blind community as in Germany, France and other Continental countries, is my earnest and heartfelt wish."

A. RHYS, Bangor.

The hope expressed by this writer is, unfortunately, far from being fulfilled. The present staff at Wallasey are a gallant little band of workers, tireless in their efforts and possessed of almost unbelievable

patience both as regards the dogs and the blind people. But the most they can do is to take in hand twenty-five dogs in a year, and of these, five are usually failures owing to unsuitable temperament. In addition, it costs approximately £60 to train each dog, including the three weeks' instructional course for the blind person.

There are over ten thousand blind men and women in this country waiting to be turned into "seeing" citizens under the scheme ; at the present rate of progress, many of them will have to wait a long time before they get their guides. Anyone who has sympathy with the blind can help lessen the delay ; the way to do this is obvious.

CHAPTER IV

JOE

EVEN as human society has its millionaires and paupers, its creatures of fortune and ill-fate, so in the canine world are to be found the well-to-do dog, and the down-and-out. Thanks, though, to the unceasing efforts of the various animal welfare societies, the burden of the under-dog is, as a rule, speedily lifted from his bowed shoulders. There are, unfortunately, certain people who look upon animal suffering with an indifferent, even callous, eye ; but they are, in this country at any rate, a minority, and their sphere of harmfulness is curbed by the laws of the land. True, there are still many evils remaining to be remedied, and it is hoped that the passage of time will see these defects rectified ; perhaps even, the day will dawn when all laws to protect defenceless creatures will be found redundant. Meanwhile there is work in plenty awaiting those who profess to champion the cause of the animal born to adversity.

There is living in London to-day a little dog who would seem to be one of the creatures upon whom Fate decided to frown ; but she has since repented her ill-humour, and smilingly given him a kind-hearted master to love and worship. This dog is Joe,

a mongrel terrier belonging to Mr. J. J. Puckridge, landlord of the Tankerville Arms in Kennington, S.E. Time and again accident, illness and bad luck have visited Joe, but, fortunately, his lot has been lightened by the kindness of his sympathetic master, whose affection has brought joy into the unfortunate dog's life. In return, Joe has saved Mr. Puckridge and his family from suffocation by the fumes of a fire which broke out in the night.

Joe started life as a London stray. Where he originally came from, and how he came to be cast adrift upon the troubled stream of London life will probably never be known. All that is certain is that in July, 1927, he was slinking furtively along the drab streets of south-east London, seeking in vain for someone to love. It is hard to say how long he had been searching, or for how many days he had eked out an existence by nosing for scraps of garbage on the refuse heaps ; but it must have been a very long time, for he was in a most pitiful plight when Mr. Puckridge took pity on him and offered him the shelter of his home. The dog crept into the bar one night just after closing time, as the customers were going home. Mr. Puckridge found him standing in the middle of the bar, shivering. It was raining fast outside, one of those thunderstorm deluges that often come in July. The eyes of the man and dog met, and there was a piteous appeal and look of yearning in the large brown ones of the dog. The poor creature was in a dreadful state. His flanks were sucked-in revealing the rib bones, the skin hung

loosely round his scraggy neck, his feet were swollen and cut, whilst his legs seemed barely strong enough to support his body, thin and emaciated though it was. The wretched beast stood gazing at the man, dreading, no doubt, a kick or at least a harsh word and imperative order to begone ; as he shivered, the rain splashed in little drops from his body and collected in small pools amongst the sawdust that covered the floor.

Mr. Puckridge recollected seeing the dog hanging about the neighbourhood for nearly a week ; he had in fact put out odd scraps of food from time to time at night, hoping the dog would find them. Speaking kind, encouraging words to the stray, he coaxed him further into the bar, and gave him some food ; the animal seemed almost too weak to eat it. That night he slept beneath a bench in the bar, but in the morning he disappeared. At closing time he turned up again though, and dragged his weary body into the bar. He had developed a terrible cough, and was so ill that it seemed doubtful whether he would live through the night. Mr. Puckridge took him into the clubroom and made him as comfortable as possible.

In the morning the dog was still alive, much to the innkeeper's surprise, but he seemed so ill that he decided to have him put out of his pain. Accordingly, he told the potman to take him to the Dog's Home near by. But the Home happened to be closed at that time, so the stray was brought back again. Mr. Puckridge put him in the bar, meaning to send him down to the Home again later. The dog

stayed there most of the day, lying in a semi-conscious condition. Later in the day the dustman called, and, ill as he was, the dog raised his head and growled feebly. Observing this, Mr. Puckridge said to himself, "That dog is worth keeping," and set about nursing him back to health. It was a long and difficult task, but perseverance brought its reward, and eventually the dog was in practically normal health.

Mr. Puckridge christened the dog Joe. He judged the animal to be about a year old; although small, the puppy was sturdily built and his smooth white coat and general appearance seemed to indicate that one of his parents was a bull terrier. Joe has developed into an excellent house dog, and seems always to be full of gratitude for the kindness bestowed upon him. Although of a very friendly disposition he has an extraordinarily intense dislike for all policemen. Whenever he sees one in uniform, he growls fiercely and bares his teeth savagely. The only explanation of this would seem to be that he has some unpleasant recollection, connected with a man in blue, of the days when he was a starving, homeless wanderer; what this recollection can be, it is difficult to imagine, because, as everyone knows, the members of the Metropolitan Police Force almost invariably try to help those in distress.

As soon as Joe was well enough, Mr. Puckridge took him for a day's outing in the Sussex Weald. Apparently it was the first time the dog had seen the country, and the vista of green fields which opened

up before his astounded eyes, sent him quite mad with excitement. And is it to be wondered at, when one remembers the impression of the world he had received in puppyhood? He raced about wildly, jumped in and out of the ditches as though he could not do it quickly enough, tore through the hedges, rolled in ecstasy in the tanglewoods of ferns and bramble, and finally gave chase to a herd of cows in a field, heedless of his master's calls and whistles. The perturbed cows sought sanctuary in an adjoining field, Joe close at their heels. And then, much to his master's distress, the dog disappeared. The man sought everywhere for him and called loudly, but the dog had gone. Fortunately, he turned up again several hours later, covered in burrs and thorns, but otherwise none the worse for his adventure.

In spite of Joe's good fortune in finding a comfortable home and kind master, ill-luck continued to dog his footsteps. At the rear of the Tankerville Arms is a flat roof over the clubroom, and Joe will persist in going out on to it if he gets the chance. Three times he has managed, by some means or other, to fall over the edge of this roof. On each occasion he has been picked up in a neighbour's garden, little the worse for the fall, strange to say. Once he was knocked over by a car, and lay in the road with his paws in the air, unconscious. Mr. Puckridge examined him and came to the conclusion that he was dead, so went to fetch a sack in which to carry away the body. Imagine his surprise, therefore, to find on his return that Joe was, far from being a corpse,

very much alive ; in a few hours he was quite himself again. The dog seems to have an extraordinary vitality and hold on life. Another time he caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. He became extremely ill and Mr. Puckridge, thinking he was going to die, sat up through the night with him. The dog's breathing became every minute slower and more laboured, and finally, in the early hours of the morning, seemed to cease altogether. Mr. Puckridge thought the end had really come, and bending over him, whispered in his ear, " Good-bye, Joe." The dog stirred ; for a brief second he opened his eyes, and then wagged his tail very feebly, relapsing afterwards into unconsciousness. But within a few days, to the surprise of everyone, he was up and about again. Although enjoying such robust vitality, Joe is always troubled by a bad cough, especially in the winter ; this cough is a legacy of his puppyhood days on the streets.

Joe first gave proof of his gratitude to his master by protecting Mr. Puckridge's young daughter from a gang of hooligans who were attempting to molest the child. The girl, who was then about twelve years old, went out one evening to post a letter, and Joe accompanied her. She had not gone far when a crowd of young ' corner-boys ' surged round her, jeering at her and taunting her with low jests. But stout-hearted little Joe soon sent them about their business. Leaping into their midst with a low, deep-throated growl, he snapped out to right and left, his lips curled up, revealing the double row of

vicious teeth. The hooligans fled before the fierce onslaught, and in a few seconds not a single one was left in sight. Joe is absolutely fearless, and will, if challenged, give fight to any living creature.

A short while after this incident Joe again demonstrated his gratitude. This time the deed earned him the *Daily Mirror* Collar. The household had retired for the night, and, in the early hours of the morning, Mr. Puckridge was awakened by the sound of Joe barking furiously. He got up and opened the bedroom door. A thick cloud of smoke rolled into the room. Hastily donning some clothes, Mr. Puckridge awakened his family, and set about getting them out of the house ; from one of the rear windows he could see the reflected glare of the flames downstairs. The fire was in the bar and seemed to be burning furiously. Meanwhile Joe was still dashing up and down the stairs, barking frantically. Mr. Puckridge managed to conduct his family to safety, and then returned for Joe. He re-entered the house, which was now full of suffocating fumes, and found the dog lying on the stairs unconscious. Luckily, he was not burned at all, but just overcome by the smoke. He soon recovered when taken out into the fresh air, and accompanied the landlord's daughter when she went to summon the fire brigade. The fire occurred on February 2nd, 1933. Mr. Puckridge was told by the firemen that had he slept on for more than another half hour, everyone in the house would almost certainly have been suffocated.

Joe is now about eight years old. He is very well

known in the district, and is extremely popular with all the children round about. Most of the butchers near-by know him, too ; he goes and stands on the doorsteps of their shops, and stays there until bribed with some tit-bit to go away. He has a companion in the house now, a black-and-white wire-haired terrier bitch, and they are excellent pals, in spite of the fact that the terrier frequently steals Joe's supper on the sly !

CHAPTER V

PEGGY

ANYONE who has the interests of dog breeding at heart is proud to be the owner of a well-bred specimen of the particular breed to which he devotes his attention. But if the dog also happens to have earned the right to wear the *Daily Mirror* Brave Dogs' Collar, then indeed has his owner cause to be proud. Such is the happy lot of Mr. Harry Harmer who lives at Wigan. He is the owner of a thoroughbred bull-terrier, Peggy, who has been awarded the collar for saving a twelve-year-old boy from drowning.

Peggy, like most of her breed, is a big, powerfully-built dog, and has a handsome white coat. With a confidence born of her splendid physique, she fears neither man nor beast, yet is never happier than when playing with young children, or Fanny, a black cat who shares with her the comforts of Mr. Harmer's home. She boasts an excellent pedigree; several champions are numbered amongst her forbears, and one of them was sold to an American breeder for over £200.

She was born in December, 1928. Her mother was a fine bitch named Maria's Pal, and her father, also a

thoroughbred, was called Eagle's Pride. Peggy had not been with her master many months before she had managed to worm her way into the affections of the entire household ; she made friends, too, with many of the neighbours.

A close companionship also sprang up between Peggy and Fanny the black cat. They used to play together for hours, chase each other in and out of the house, and play hide-and-seek. Then, not many months after Peggy had arrived, Fanny's manner became very aloof and restrained. She no longer played with Peggy, in fact repulsed her advances rather angrily, and became very peevish and altogether different. Peggy was obviously puzzled and distressed by this change of manner, but the explanation was soon forthcoming, for, not many days after, Fanny disappeared altogether for several days, and then turned up again shepherding before her a litter of little black kittens. Peggy was immensely interested in the little creatures, but Fanny would not allow her to approach them ; she arched her back and spat fiercely every time the dog ventured too close.

However, about a week later, Peggy's chance came. Going into the kitchen one morning she discovered the litter of kittens curled up in a basket by themselves. Fanny had left them for a short while, whilst she went for a little stroll to stretch her legs, no doubt thinking her family would be quite safe in the kitchen during her absence. Peggy was delighted. First glancing hastily around to make sure that

Fanny was not lurking about anywhere, she then reached down and snuffled the kittens enquiringly—her head must have appeared very huge and terrifying to the young creatures. She sniffed them all over for several minutes, and then very gently caught hold of one of them by the scruff of its neck. With the little creature dangling from her mouth, mewing piteously for its mother, she trotted out of the kitchen into another room, and put it down on her own bed ; returning then to the kitchen she fetched another one, and repeated the performance until the entire litter were transferred to her basket. Then climbing in with them, she lay down and started to lick them all. Her maternal efforts were brought to an abrupt end, though, by the return of Fanny. Coming back from her stroll, the poor cat was dismayed to find all her family gone. However, rushing into the other room, she saw what had happened, and told Peggy, in no measured terms, what she thought about the matter, and with all haste carried her kittens back to their proper place.

Peggy was naturally grieved at this untimely end to the affair, but some months later compensation was given her in the form of a litter of sturdy young pups of her own. Since then she has had a second litter. She proved to be a very good mother, and has reared all nine puppies successfully.

Peggy's other playmate is her master's young stepdaughter, Freda. They are great pals and have many games which they play together. The dog goes to meet Freda on her way home from school,

and every night when the girl kneels to say her prayers, Peggy goes to her side and, quietly raising her forefeet on to a little stool, bows her head in reverence also. Sometimes when Freda is playing at ball with her friends, Peggy is shut in the yard, as her exuberant spirits are apt to interrupt the game. On these occasions, Peggy will sit patiently with her head tilted a little to one side and raised towards the top of the fence, listening intently to the sounds of the children at play. She will sit thus for an hour or more without a movement, wistfully watching the ball rise and fall and hoping against hope that next time it will fall on her side of the fence.

She loves children and is always gentle with them. Quite recently a particular friend of hers, a little girl who lives two doors away, unfortunately fell ill. It had been the girl's habit for some time to call at Peggy's home every morning with some little tit-bit, a piece of gingerbread or some other delicacy, for the dog. When she ceased to call, Peggy missed her at once and took to sitting outside her little friend's gate. Some there are who may say that Peggy did this with ulterior motives, but anyone who has experienced the affection of a dog, will know that it was not only the thought of the missing daily tit-bit that took Peggy to sit outside the gate of her bed-ridden friend.

Peggy is very well mannered, as becomes a dog of her breeding. She has learned to wipe her paws on the doormat before entering the house when the

weather is wet and the streets muddy. On being introduced to anyone, she will sit up and shake hands politely. On Sundays, too, she will not play or romp with anyone until the church bells cease tolling, but goes and sits solemnly in the yard by herself; although this, one is inclined to think, must be due to melancholia induced—as it is in a number of dogs—by the sound of the bells rather than any sense of propriety. Although well trained and very obedient, she has a manner of getting her own way in some things. If she is shut out of a room, she will turn and bang against the door with her strong tail until someone lets her in; she does this also in the morning against the doors of the bedrooms if the household is, in her opinion, late in stirring. If she wants something, a drink, some biscuits, or a walk, she will lay her head heavily on her master's knee, and increase the pressure until her needs are attended to. She has a remarkably retentive memory. Once having visited a place or particular house, she will remember it always and on revisiting it will show quite clearly that she recognizes it again. She is very fond of ice cream*, and if she happens to meet an ice cream vendor with his barrow in the street, she will sit squarely on the pavement, and stubbornly refuse to move until one is bought and given to her. Although very obedient in most ways, in this particular matter she insists on asserting her own will, and becomes hopelessly obstinate; it is quite useless to try to

* It is rather strange the large number of dogs that have a taste for ice cream. The author has met several, and has been told of a cat, also a pony, who ate it avidly.

move her away, short of lifting her bodily and carrying her.

She performed the brave deed which won her distinction on September 22nd, 1929. It was a Sunday and she was out for a walk along the towpath of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal. A young boy, Thomas Brown, was climbing the bank to reach some blackberries, when he missed his footing, slithered down the bank and fell into the canal. He was unable to swim and soon got into difficulties in the deep water. He had gone under once and struggled to the surface, when Peggy sizing up the situation at a glance, leapt into the water and swam over to him. She caught hold of his clothes and managed to keep him up until other help was forthcoming. Several people hurried to the rescue and dragged the boy to safety. As he was unable to swim, he would undoubtedly have been drowned but for Peggy's prompt action.

Every year Peggy attends the Wigan Carnival and collects for charity. She is an expert beggar and invariably manages to collect a considerable sum for the funds. Quite recently she gave a further display of her keen intelligence. Mr. Harmer was awakened in the night by her furious barks, and on going downstairs found some clothes which had been left in front of the kitchen fire had been set alight by a live cinder. Peggy was scratching at the kitchen door as she barked, and when Mr. Harmer opened it, her foot got caught beneath it and was badly bruised. This happened shortly before she was due to go to

PEGGY.

A thoroughbred Bull-terrier who saved a 12 years-old boy from drowning.

Cruft's Show, and at first Mr. Harmer feared the injury would prevent her attending, but, fortunately she got better in time. Although Mr. Harmer was soon able to extinguish the burning clothes, it is difficult to say how far the fire might have spread but for Peggy's timely warning.

CHAPTER VI

PETER ;

AND THE STORIES OF SOME BRAVE
NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS

ONE day early in 1929 an eight-year-old boy named Howard Picken, of Orchard Street, Stafford, fell into the river Stowe at a point where the water was very deep. He was in grave danger of being drowned, for there was no one else in sight, when a sturdily-built dog, with a black-and-white coat, plunged into the river, and, getting a grip of the boy's clothing at the back of the neck, dragged him to the bank, which, fortunately, was not very steep at that point.

The boy, as soon as he recovered sufficiently, hurried home, and the dog followed at his heels. The lad was very frightened by his narrow escape, and was anxious not to let his parents become acquainted of it. He managed to enter his home unobserved, but was surprised, on reaching his room, to find the dog at his heels. Before he could expel the animal, he was discovered by his mother, who, seeing his dripping clothes and obvious nervous state, sensibly took him downstairs and undressed him before the fire without waiting to question him closely concerning his escapade. The dog followed

the pair, and stood watching whilst the boy was dried. Later, when he was taken to bed, the dog again followed, and stood in the bedroom with his paws resting on the bed.

The boy's nerves were thoroughly upset by the accident, and some time elapsed before the facts could be obtained from him. The grateful parents then looked at the dog's collar, and saw that he belonged to Mr. William Jones, of the Crown Hotel, Queensville. As soon as convenient, they got in touch with Mr. Jones and told him of his dog's heroism. The story soon became known in the district, and in due course the dog, whose name is Peter, was rewarded for his gallantry by receiving the 'VC' Collar. The boy and he naturally became firm friends, and now see one another nearly every day. Howard's story of the rescue was further substantiated by the fact that his jersey and shirt bore jagged rents where the plucky dog's teeth had gripped.

Peter was once a stray. He came to his master as a puppy in 1926, and Mr. Jones, taking pity on his plight, adopted him. It would be difficult to say of what breed the dog is, but his sturdy build, heavy brow, and the markings of his coat would seem to indicate that some of his ancestors came of Newfoundland stock. His brave action, too, in rescuing the drowning boy, shows a characteristic which is an extraordinarily marked trait in the nature of that breed.

Perhaps it would not be saying too much to assert

that the palm for life saving should go to the Newfoundland, for many are the tales told of heroic rescues performed by dogs of that breed. The Newfoundland is a dog to which the term noble may be applied in its fullest sense. He has an affectionate disposition, is courageous to a degree, faithful and at all times ready to defend his master ; he is quick to learn and has a peculiar sense of impending danger ; added to which his perseverance in what he undertakes is so great that he never relinquishes a task enjoined to him as long as there is breath in his body.

Numerous persons have been saved from a watery grave by these dogs ; they seem to take a natural delight in saving the lives of humans. Their feet are particularly well adapted to enable them to swim, being webbed very much like those of a duck. On a number of occasions they have been instrumental in saving the entire crews of wrecked ships by breasting the foaming billows which no lifeboat could withstand, and establishing a life-line between the sinking ship and the rescuers ashore. Several such incidents are given in the charming collection of anecdotes of dogs, gathered together by Mr. Jesse. Many years ago a vessel was driven by a storm on the beach near Lydd in Kent. The huge waves that pounded the stricken ship made it impossible for a boat to be launched, and though those on shore could see eight men on board signalling for help, they could do nothing for their assistance. At length a man came down to the beach accompanied by his pet, a Newfoundland dog. On being told the situation, he

directed the attention of his dog to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent animal at once understood his meaning, and with splendid courage plunged into the sea, and started fighting his way through the foaming waves. Though the angry sea beat and buffeted him, he fought on bravely, drawing foot by foot nearer the ship. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew, who had anxiously been watching his progress, joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood and flung it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant: he dropped his own piece of wood and immediately seized the other, and then with almost incredible strength and determination, he turned and dragged it through the waves and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved.

A similar incident occurred when the Durham packet ran ashore during a gale near Cley, Norfolk, in 1815. A Newfoundland was on board, and was sent by the crew with a line in his mouth for the shore. He breasted the waves successfully, but on nearing the beach, which is very steep on that part of the coast, could not fight against the drawback of the surf. Two men, however, rushed to his rescue, and despite the high sea that was running, managed to secure the dog, who was by then quite exhausted, and dragged him ashore. He still held the line firmly in his mouth, and communication was thus

established with the ship and the lives of all on board, nine in number, including two children, were saved.

An even more remarkable case was that of a dog belonging to a naval officer. During fleet exercises in the Mediterranean, a canary which was a great favourite with the sailors, escaped from its cage and flew into the sea. The incident was witnessed by the Newfoundland who instantly jumped into the sea and swam to the bird, which he seized in his mouth, and then swam back with it to the ship. He was hauled aboard and immediately he reached the deck, opened his mouth, out of which the bird, thoroughly scared but completely unharmed, fell. This amazing dog must have known that the slightest pressure would have killed the bird, and accordingly treated it with the utmost tenderness, even whilst swimming.

Bewick, in his 'Quadrupeds' mentions an instance which shows the extraordinary sagacity of these dogs. In a severe storm, a ship was lost off Yarmouth, and no living creature escaped except a Newfoundland dog, which swam to the shore, with the captain's pocket book in his mouth. Several of the bystanders attempted to take it from him, but he would not part with it. At length, selecting one person from the crowd, whose appearance probably pleased him, he leaped against his breast in a fawning manner, and delivered the book to his care. In another shipwreck which occurred off the coast of Lancashire, all hands went down with the doomed ship, but a Newfoundland dog was seen swimming

about the spot for some time and eventually came ashore very much exhausted. For three days he swam off to the same spot, and was evidently trying to find his lost master.

In his native land the Newfoundland is used to a great extent as a beast of burden ; he displays considerable intelligence in the execution of his work, needing neither driver nor guide. Harnessed to a sledge loaded with timber, he will make long journeys by himself, delivering his load at the appointed place and then returning with the empty sledge.

And in conclusion, here is a delightful story about a Newfoundland related originally in the Percy Anecdotes. One day, when Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter that if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money which his horse kicked from its hiding place ; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn, in the Rue Pont-aux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when

the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness ; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches, than they were seized by the dog ; the owner, conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches, and away he flew. The traveller posted after him with his night-cap on, and literally *sans culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. " Sir," said the master, " my dog is a very faithful creature ; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. " Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other, smiling, " without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre

piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you." The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment ; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness, and such an unpleasant chase.

CHAPTER VII

GYP

LITTLE Gyp earned the 'VC' Collar for Brave Dogs when he was only five months old.

He was acquired by his master, Mr. Edwin Drew, of Streatham, from a stall in Brixton Market Place. Mr. Drew wanted a dog as companion and house guard, and remembered seeing a stall in the market on which, from time to time, puppies were displayed for sale. On visiting this stall, he discovered three little puppies on view, presumably all of the same litter, and finally selected Gyp as being the best marked and sharpest of the three. It would be hard to say what breed the dog's parents were, nevertheless Gyp has grown into a very handsome little dog; he has a silky brown coat, set off by a dark streak down the centre of the back, and white front paws and chest, whilst his eyes are of a beautiful, soft, deep brown colour.

As a puppy, Gyp was tiny, and Mr. Drew was able to carry him home in his jacket pocket. He has, of course, grown a certain amount since, but even now he is remarkably small for a terrier. Once when out for a walk in the country, the little dog slipped down

a rabbit hole and was only extricated with the greatest difficulty.

Mr. Drew bought Gyp in March, 1929, and in the summer of that year took the dog away with him when he went on his holiday ; the decision to take Gyp was a most fortunate one, as will be seen later. Mr. Drew has three children, two boys and a girl, Charlie, Ronnie and Jennie, then aged twelve, ten and seven respectively, and the entire family spent the holiday motoring and camping in Wales. During the course of the tour, they went through Breconshire, and, finding the country surrounding a small village called Aberduhonw to their liking, they camped in a field adjoining a farm owned by a Mr. Evans. All went well for a day or two, and the children enjoyed themselves immensely roaming through the fields and farmyards in company with little Gyp, who, having a strong taste for excitement and adventure, must have considered himself in the seventh heaven of delight at being thus provided with such wide scope for exploration and all day in which to roam at will.

Then, one evening, Mr. Drew and his wife decided to drive into a neighbouring town after the children had been put to bed. Before leaving, they saw that the family were safely asleep, and left a candle lamp of a safety pattern alight and suspended on the tent pole in case any of the children should awaken during their absence and feel at all nervous.

Shortly after they left though, a wind sprang up, and it seems that the lamp swung against the canvas

and set it alight. The flames spread quickly down the side of the tent towards the flap entrance. The children slept on, blissfully unaware of the blaze over their heads. But Gyp saw the flames, and young though he was, he appreciated the danger that threatened his companions. He had been left by Mr. and Mrs. Drew trotting about outside the tent, absorbed in some business or other of his own. Gathering his small body up taut, he took one leap straight through the flames, then, bounding over to Ronnie, he scratched and pawed urgently at the sleeping boy's face. When one remembers the acute dread of fire inherent in practically all animals, it will be conceded that this was an exceptionally brave action for a puppy only five months old.

In response to the dog's frantic pawing on his face, Ronnie awoke and saw the danger. He quickly wakened his brother and sister, and the three just managed to crawl out under the rear of the tent before the whole structure collapsed in flaming ruin. How narrowly the children escaped serious injury, perhaps even death, was shown by the fact that the flames had, as it was, badly singed Jennie's hair. Gyp, too, was burned all down his back.

Mr. Evans, the farmer, was greatly impressed by Gyp's gallant behaviour, and he it was who suggested that the dog's action deserved recognition. When Mr. Drew returned home after the holidays, he got in touch with the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and after investigating the case, the Society awarded Gyp a special medal.

Later the *Daily Mirror* awarded him the Brave Dogs' Collar.

Before returning home Mr. Drew took his family to the South Coast for a week. When the children went into the sea for a bathe, Gyp became thoroughly alarmed ; it was the first time he had seen them enter water, and, dashing into the sea, he swam out to them and circled round whining excitedly ; he refused to be satisfied regarding their safety until they returned to the shore. He has, since, developed a marked desire to retrieve any bulky object he happens to see floating in a pond or river. One day when out for a walk on Clapham Common, he entered the pond and brought out a model motor boat nearly twice his own size ; the owner of the boat was grateful to him because the machinery had stopped when the vessel was in mid-pond, and it looked as though there it would remain until sufficient wind came to blow it ashore. On another occasion Gyp brought in a large doll which was saturated with water and so heavy that Mr. Drew had some difficulty in landing it. Gyp will only go in after large objects ; small ones he ignores entirely.

Gyp, although a highly-strung little creature, is of an exceedingly gentle nature, especially so with children. Once he caught a butterfly in his mouth, and, taking it to his master, put it in the latter's hand ; the fragile insect was quite unharmed and immediately fluttered away. Recently a kitten was added to the household, and Gyp straightway took it in hand, and taught it that to steal food from the

table was all against the rules of good conduct : whenever the young cat attempted to take anything, Gyp ran up and gently but firmly nipped its leg with his teeth. At first the cat naturally resented these admonitions, but understanding soon came, and now food can be left about anywhere with perfect safety as far as the two animals are concerned. Gyp enjoys nothing more than a game with the children. His favourite one is hide-and-seek, which he plays with Jennie, following the accepted rules of the game. She turns her face to the wall and commences counting ; immediately Gyp scurries away and hides behind a chair. Then, when he is found, he bounces out and a great tussle takes place ; to judge by the fierce growls he emits, one would think he was in a terrible rage, but if the child feigns to cry, he immediately smothers her with kisses.

Twice Gyp has been lost. The first time was on Christmas Eve. He turned up again safe and sound on Boxing Day, but his absence cast a damper over the festivities. The second occasion caused even deeper anxiety to his owner, for he disappeared whilst on view with the other Brave Dogs at Cruft's Show in 1931. The Show is held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and consequently there was but little chance of Gyp being able to find his way right across London to his home.

It was Thursday morning when he disappeared. A photographer led him out into the hall to pose for the camera. Unfortunately, the photographer's black hood struck fear into the dog's heart, and,

after one horrified look at it, he managed to slip his collar and bolt, evading all outstretched hands. The alarm was raised, but too late ; before he could be stopped, Gyp was out of the building and had vanished.

Throughout the rest of the day Mr. Drew, assisted by willing helpers, searched tirelessly. But it was rather like seeking for the proverbial needle in the haystack, and after long and weary hours of fruitless inquiry, Mr. Drew was forced at last to return home, disconsolately carrying Gyp's collar in his hand, his mind a prey to a multitude of harrowing thoughts. The following morning the missing dog's photograph was printed in most of the newspapers, and a description of him circulated to all the police stations in the metropolis. But the day dragged by without bringing any news to the anxious family in Streatham. On Saturday morning, though, the appeal which had been published in the Press bore fruit. A young woman who had read the reports spotted him in Islington and took him to the police station. The 'poor dog was in a sorry plight, tired out, dirty, bedraggled, and with one paw cut, but he was soon once again installed in his home in Streatham, to the great joy of the entire household. After taking something to eat and drink, he curled up in his basket and slept the clock round.

Gyp is very quick to understand anything he is told to do. He has learned to fetch certain articles, such as his own collar and his master's slippers, on command. When told by his master to give the

company a tune, he trots into the drawing room, and leaping on to the music stool, strums on the keyboard with his paws ; he seems to enjoy doing this very much, although, it must be admitted, his harmonic sense is ultra-modern. He is now five years old and enjoys perfect health. He is a constant source of joy and companionship to the Drew family, and his master will always be thankful that he paid a visit to the stall in the Brixton Market Place.

CHAPTER VIII

NIP

NIP was a handsome thoroughbred Airedale belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Engledow, of Ilford, Essex. After saving his master and mistress from a fire which broke out in the night, he was confined to hospital for four months, and when he eventually came out, he had to wear a pair of leather support gaiters specially made for him. Whilst escaping through a window from the burning house, he was so overcome by the fumes that he fell and broke one foreleg, severely injuring the other.

He was born on March 7th, 1924. His sire had the peculiar name of Merry Maid, and his dam was Nell of the Chase; he came from the kennels of Lt.-Col. E. H. Richardson, the well-known dog breeder and trainer through whose hand passed all the dogs used for messenger and sentry work by the British Army during the Great War, and, like all Col. Richardson's dogs, he was exceptionally well trained. A better house dog would have been hard to find. As soon as he had been with his owners a short while, he could detect and recognize their footsteps whilst they were still 50 yards or so from the house; but if any stranger came near the door, a growl of distant thunder rumbled in his throat, and his eyes, in the

words of his master, ' flashed out green fires.' Woe-betide any burglar who had effected an entrance to his house !

Like many dogs trained for some definite work, Nip disdained all tricks ; his early training seemed to give him a more serious outlook on life, a certain sense of dignity. Not that his natural youthful vigour and love of a romp and scamper was suppressed in any way, though, for he enjoyed a game as much as any dog. He had one particular dog friend (it was, as a matter of fact, the only friendship he ever formed with one of his own kind) with whom he regularly sported, rolled and chased in the fields close to his home. This dog was a mongrel named Peter, and they first met when out for a walk one day. The poor little mongrel turned out to be a stray, and apparently his lonely heart was kindled by Nip's first friendly advances, for he was found the next morning curled up on the doorstep of the Airedale's home ; after they had met in the street and exchanged greetings, he must have followed Nip home, loath, no doubt, to lose this new-found pal in a friendless world. Needless to say, a home was found for the waif ; the proprietor of a garage nearby took him in, and has had no cause since to regret his kind action. The friendship that had sprung up between the two dogs at first acquaintance strengthened as time passed ; every day when Nip went for his walk, he used to call at the garage for Peter, and sometimes the mongrel paid return visits. On several occasions when Peter called, Nip was just having his meal, and

each time the Airedale, with perfect politeness, stepped back and allowed his friend to have first 'tuck-in.' Nip was a powerful, fearless dog, and one can readily imagine the scene that would have occurred had any other dog dared even to approach anywhere near his bowl.

Nip, like so many of his breed, was essentially a 'one-man' dog. Although not actively unfriendly towards strangers, he invariably gave the cold shoulder to all and sundry. When he was on show with the other Brave Dogs at the Dog Shows, if any of the visitors approached him with outstretched hand, and a "Come along, Nip, there's a nice doggie!" he simply used to turn away with an air of bored indifference. But this lack of cordiality towards strangers was more than compensated for by the passionate love and adoration he held for his mistress; for it was she, from the very first, who captured his affections, more so, even, than Mr. Engledow did. In fact, after a while he came to adopt an attitude of only bare friendly tolerance towards his master, and every day when the latter returned from his work, an amusing little ceremonial was performed. If (as often was the case) Mrs. Engledow was sitting in an armchair, Nip would, when he heard his master insert his key in the front door, leap on to the chair and stand stretched across his mistress, his legs on either arm. Then, when his master entered the room, the dog greeted him with low growls and ferocious glares! Mr. Engledow knew his part in the little ritual, and before doing

anything else, he used to sit down and remain quiet for a minute or two. Nip, slowly calming down, would then come over to him, and sniff inquisitively all round, and generally inspect him. At last, being fully satisfied as to Mr. Engledow's peaceful intentions, and re-assured that he was of no danger to the home and his mistress, the dog would sink quietly down on the hearthrug, and then, and then only, allow the master of the house to enjoy the freedom of his own home.

Nip used to follow his beloved mistress about everywhere, all day ; he followed her from one room to another whilst she performed the household duties, and out in the garden he was seldom more than a few inches from her heels. Often when she was going out, she had some difficulty in leaving the house without him.

He was very regular in his habits, and like many dogs, had a very accurate sense of time. He usually slept under a table in the dining room, and five days of the week his mistress found him still curled up there when she came down in the morning. On Saturdays and Sundays, though, when the household rose a little later than on the other days of the week, Nip always used to come upstairs and snuffle under the bedroom door within five minutes of the usual time of rising.

The fire in which Nip received his injuries occurred on the night of August 16th, 1931. Mr and Mrs. Engledow, who had spent a long day out in the open and were consequently rather tired, went to bed and

were both soon sleeping heavily. At about half past one, however, they were awakened by the sound of Nip bumping his body against the bedroom door. Wondering what was wrong, they arose, and then detected a smell of smoke, and a sound that seemed like the crackling of burning wood. Hastening to the door, they opened it and found the landing enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke ; the smoke was so thick, indeed, that it was impossible to descend and find out how far the flames had spread below.

The situation was rendered more hazardous by the fact that the electric lights had fused, so, quite apart from the dense cloud of smoke, it was impossible to see what was happening. Although, perhaps, there was no immediate danger of being trapped, the obvious thing to do was to effect as hasty an exit as possible, and call the fire brigade. The stairs were impassable on account of the fumes, so the only remaining avenue of escape was the window ; fortunately this was not very high up from the ground, the drop from the sill being only a matter of ten feet or so. Shutting the bedroom door so as to exclude as much of the smoke as possible, Mr. and Mrs. Engledow hastily donned some clothes, and clambered out of the window, calling to Nip to follow. He was always a very vigorous dog, and had been in the habit of taking this jump of his own accord, using the window as a short cut when he wanted to reach the garden quickly. But, unfortunately, in the dark and hurry to get out and deal with the fire before it spread further, neither master nor mistress

had noticed that the dog was in a state of almost utter collapse ; the result was that, although he gamely attempted the jump, he was too weak to take it properly, and fell heavily on his forelegs, breaking one and severely injuring the other.

The fire brigade soon arrived on the scene, and before long had the outbreak well in hand. Subsequently it was found that before the fire actually burst into flames, the contents of a large bookcase had been smouldering for several hours, thus filling the house with an accumulation of acrid fumes. Only one room was burnt out, but the bedroom door against which Nip threw himself in an effort to rouse his master and mistress, had heat blisters on it as large as the halves of eggs, although it was some thirty feet from the origin of the fire. The amount of smoke accumulated and the heat generated during the long smouldering period before the actual fire broke out, must have been awful, and nobody will ever know what poor Nip endured in such a terrible atmosphere until he succeeded in struggling upstairs and raising the alarm. His subsequent condition showed that he must have been so stifled by the fumes that he could not even bark ; being unable to raise the alarm in this manner, he conceived the method of throwing his body repeatedly against the door.

In jumping from the window he must have put forth the last of his strength, for when a light was procured, it was seen that he was in a very sad plight. Fortunately one of the sanatoriums of the Peoples' Dispensary for Sick Animals was only a few streets

away, and Nip was rushed there in a car ; although it was now about 2 o'clock in the morning, he was attended to immediately.

His first danger was from suffocation, and it was five days before he could bark, or even whimper. Meanwhile he was X-rayed, and the exact nature of his injuries being determined, his legs were set in plaster of Paris. Altogether he was in hospital over four months, and during that time his mistress used to visit him as frequently as possible ; sometimes, to Nip's great delight, his friend Peter came as well. The visits of both, however, were necessarily limited, since, as can readily be believed, it was extremely difficult to keep the patient lying still whilst his fractured bones were setting.

In course of time the plaster settings were removed, and later he was carefully held whilst he learned to put a little of his weight on the injured legs. Gradually they improved ; first he could hobble a few steps only ; then he found he could manage fifty yards or so ; later, a short walk was achieved, and, at long last, he was able, to his great joy, to return to the home he had saved, and the mistress he loved so well. Meanwhile, the leather gaiters for his legs had been devised and made by a West-end specialist ; these gave support to his weakened limbs and with their aid he was able to take a short walk every day. He became a sort of prototype of Puss-in-Boots, because everyone in the neighbourhood used to call him ' the Dog-in-Boots.' Later, he so far recovered that he was able to dispense with the supports and enjoy a

two mile walk daily, although he never really regained his former vigour. His affection for his mistress became more marked than ever, and he took to sleeping outside the bedroom door, instead of downstairs.

But during the hot summer days of 1933 he developed severe stomach trouble, and became so weak that he could not even mount the stairs. His mistress and master nursed him carefully, but one night they were horrified to hear him drag himself upstairs, and then collapse and roll down. In July he was sent again to the P.D.S.A. hospital, and Mr. and Mrs. Engledow went away for their holidays, assured that he would receive every care and attention during their absence. But, unfortunately, the heat and his internal trouble had brought him to a very low state, and when they returned they learned the sad news that he was dead. Naturally, they were grieved not to have been with their dear old friend at the last. He was nine and a half years old when he died, and, in addition to the 'VC' Collar, had been awarded the Tailwaggers' Medal for Bravery, the Silver Medal for Bravery from the Claygate League of Mercy, Cruft's Medal for 1932 and 1933, and the Ladies' Kennel Association Rosette for 1933.

M. a. J. a. l. d.

CHAPTER IX

PERRO

SINCE saving a seventeen-year-old girl from drowning in the River Dee, Perro takes a delight in giving exhibitions of spectacular diving. He regularly goes to an old disused quarry near his home, and, taking a short run, dives off the rocks into the water some fifteen feet below. After swimming around for a little, he clambers out of the water, shakes himself, dashes up the steep quarry side and prepares for another dive. He loves an audience for this exhibition. The larger the crowd watching him, the better he likes it. Often, before rushing to the edge of the rocks for his plunge, he looks round at the spectators to make sure they are watching him attentively. He will perform the feat over and over again, and never seems to weary of the thrill.

Perro, who belongs to Mr. P. Robinson, of Sheffield, was born in 1926. His mother was a collie-setter cross named Gyp, whilst his father was a retriever, and no doubt it is from the latter that he inherits his passionate love of water. Swimming seems to be the supreme joy of his life. When out for walks, he will

never pass a pond, no matter how small or shallow it is, without entering the water, and in the winter when the ponds are frozen, he breaks the ice so as to get in. He even climbs into horse drinking-troughs and splashes about, when other water is not available.

His master acquired him in August, 1926, from some friends at a farm just outside Sheffield ; he was only four weeks old when he came to Mr. Robinson, and at that tender age the pup was really almost too young to leave its mother. However, he did not seem to mope at all, and Mrs. Robinson 'mothered' him successfully, soothing him to sleep at night-time just like a baby. He was taken for long walks, and learned to swim before he was three months old. From the very first his master and mistress made him their first consideration ; every year they arrange to take their holiday at some place where he can accompany them. Usually the holiday takes the form of a walking tour, greatly to Perro's delight. He has made seven such tours, five in North Wales, one in the Lake District and one along the Yorkshire Coast. It was whilst on one of these holiday tours in North Wales that he made his gallant dive to the rescue of the drowning girl.

The rescue was performed on August 9th, 1930, and was witnessed by several hundred persons. Perro was sitting with his mistress on the banks of the River Dee at Llangollen, when Mrs. Robinson noticed a girl of about seventeen years of age fall into the water whilst paddling some fifty yards

upstream. The Dee is one of the swiftest-running rivers in the country, and was at that particular time in full spate. The girl, who apparently could not swim, was quickly swept away from the bank by the rushing waters. Before any of the numerous spectators had time to take any action, Mrs. Robinson unleashed Perro, and pointed towards the struggling girl. The dog needed no further commands. Gathering his big, sleek body back on to his haunches, he poised for a moment gauging the distance, and then took a tremendous leap far out into the river. He struck the water within a few feet of the girl, who immediately grabbed him round the body. Then commenced a fierce battle against the swift current. Afterwards it was ascertained that the girl weighed nearly eight and a half stone, which, as dead-weight in fast-flowing water, is sufficient to test the swimming powers of even the strongest dog. But Perro was equal to the task he had undertaken. Circling in the water, he managed to get his long, black nose pointed towards the bank. Then, encouraged by the cheers of the spectators, he started to swim as he had never swum before. Slowly but surely he dragged his burden inshore ; every stroke of his powerful legs brought the pair an inch or two nearer. At last, amid loud acclamation, he reached the bank, and willing hands were stretched to drag the girl to safety. She had swallowed a great deal of water, and was in a semi-conscious condition, so a motorist hurried her away for medical attention. Perro seemed none the worse for his strenuous adventure,

and after shaking the water from his coat, trotted quietly back to his mistress. It is rather remarkable that, although so fond of the water, he had never before brought anything out ; since the rescue, however, he delights in retrieving large objects, such as heavy pieces of timber and large tree-branches.

Perro is devoted to his master and mistress. Although now just over seven years old, he has never once been separated from them since they bought him. If they happen to be out with him walking in a lonely spot, and for any reason take separate paths, Perro forms a constant link between them. He was quite a puppy the first time he did this. Mr. Robinson was with him on one side of a wide pond, and Mrs. Robinson appeared in sight on the far side. Perro recognized her, and, to save himself the journey right round the pond, he sprang into the water and swam over to her. Ever since, he becomes quite distressed if they separate, and always keeps in touch with both of them.

On several occasions the dog's passionate love of water has led him into an awkward situation. Once he got caught in a mill-race, and was fortunate to escape unscathed ; another time he got trapped in a culvert and had to be dragged out, a task that was by no means easy. When he was quite young, he seemed to be puzzled by running water and used to stop it with his paws. Perhaps the only thing he fears is a sudden, loud bang. He is terrified of fireworks and his master always takes great care to keep him safely indoors round about the 5th of

November ; one year he managed to get out, and fled, and was missing for some hours. Fortunately he was found again, but ever since, his owners take great pains to see that he is securely within doors during the firework period. Although an excellent house dog, he is of a particularly friendly disposition, and is always pleased to receive visitors at his home. He has never met with anything but kindness from human beings, and consequently trusts them implicitly. He will allow anyone, even a stranger, to take a bone out of his mouth—surely one of the most severe tests of good temper to which any dog could submit. Sometimes when he is sitting on the rug in front of the fire and feeling particularly happy and comfortable, he makes a low purring sound like a cat.

A cat which used to live next door to him was the only animal friend he has ever had. All other cats he used to chase on every possible occasion, but for some reason or other he conceived a liking for 'Squib' ; the approach to friendship appears to have been mutual, and they lived, if not in close communion, at any rate in peace and goodwill. Then one day recently Perro was out for his usual morning walk with his mistress, when he turned down a side road and sniffed about some object in the gutter. Mrs. Robinson called and whistled to him, but he refused to come away. At last she went over to fetch him, and then saw that the object was a cat. It had been raining heavily earlier in the morning, and a miniature river was washing about the poor creature's limp body. She bent down and lifted it

out of the water ; its head was battered and cut, presumably by some car, and it seemed to be half drowned also. There was little life left in the unfortunate animal, so Mrs. Robinson decided to carry it home, and give it a speedy release from its suffering. Perro followed close at her heels, sniffing up now and again at the limp body in his mistress's arms. When she reached home, Mrs. Robinson examined the cat again, and then suddenly realized that it was Squib. Unfortunately, it was too late to save the cat's life, but at any rate its owners had, thanks to Perro, the satisfaction of knowing that it did not suffer the agony of a long drawn-out death in the gutter.

Perro has a very sweet tooth and loves chocolates or fancy cakes. If he sees anyone eating them, he will sit watching, literally 'watering at the mouth'—the saliva actually pours down each side of his mouth, as he sees the coveted delicacies disappear between another's lips. The only trick he performs is a self-taught one. If his mistress playfully scolds him, he lies down and pretends to be shy and ashamed of himself, covering his face with his paws. After a few moments, the paws will shift slightly, and one large, brown eye will peep out pleadingly. In addition to the 'VC' Collar, he has been awarded the Canine Defence League Bronze Medal, and the Tailwaggers' Silver Medal for bravery.

CHAPTER X

ROVER name

FIVE-YEARS-OLD Gladys Kent, who lives at Derby, owes her life to the fact that Rover, a little black-and-tan mongrel, harbours in his small body a passionate love for children. Grown-up humans he merely tolerates (sometimes not even that, for he attacks many of the tradesmen when they call) and he will give fight to any dog who is willing to have a bout with him. But he adores all children. He is perfectly happy and well-behaved if he can but find some child to play with him, or accompany him on a walk ; no day is too long for him, and no ramble too far, if he has some young people as companions.

It was this love for children that incited him to leap from a bridge ten feet high into a canal and rescue little Gladys, who is one of his favourite child friends. One morning in June, 1932, she and her young brother took Rover out with them. They went along the canal tow-path, and for some time the three played together happily, Rover enjoying himself immensely as he always does on these occasions. All went well until the children reached a spot where a bridge—known as Bowmer-road Bridge—spans the canal. Here Gladys caught sight of a stick floating

close to the canal bank. She ran to the edge and, ignorant of the danger, leaned over to lift it out. It was just beyond the reach of her short arm. She leaned out a little further, shifted her body to get a better stretch, and the next moment plunged head first into the deep water.

Her brother was horrified. He rushed to the waterside, but could not reach her. Terribly distressed, he turned and raced to the centre of the bridge, yelling shrilly for help. There was no one near to hear him. But Rover, who was snuffling about amongst the grass nearby, was attracted by his cries, and hurried over and joined the boy on the bridge. Meanwhile Gladys was struggling vainly in the water, and had drifted further out into the canal. Rover, raising himself onto the parapet, saw her. Without hesitation, he dived into the water ten feet below, and swam over to the girl, who by that time was thoroughly exhausted and about to give up her struggles. Somehow he managed to get the girl's legs over his back, and, catching her frock in his teeth, swam slowly to the bank. Being a rather small dog, he found the task very difficult, but persevered, and at long last reached the edge. The boy was awaiting them on the bank, but Gladys was lying in the water with her feet pointing towards him, and her head out to mid-stream. In this position the boy could not manage to pull her out, though he tried hard. Rover was treading water, and looked up at the boy, his eyes plainly imploring him to make haste ; the struggle had obviously been

a great strain on his strength. The boy tried again, but could not get her out. But Rover is possessed of an acute sense of perception, and can quickly reason out the cause and effect of matters. He proved this by promptly turning right round and swimming out into the canal in a circle, thus bringing the girl's head towards the bank, and enabling her brother to catch hold of her shoulders and drag her to safety.

Gladys was hurried home, and although very exhausted, recovered in due course.

Rover belongs to Mr. J. Treece, who lives at Clumber Terrace, Derby. The dog, who is now nine years old, was given to him when a puppy by his son-in-law. Rover's mother was a blue whippet and his father a terrier mongrel. His pleasantly-blended black-and-tan coat is set off by a handsome silver-grey forehead splash. In his young days, Rover had some extraordinarily lucky escapes from death by being run over. Three times in succession he was run over; first by a bicycle, then by a car, and finally by a motor cycle. Fortunately, he managed to escape from these accidents with his life, although on the second and third occasions he was badly injured.

On the first occasion, he went to meet his master returning home from work. As soon as he saw Mr. Treece coming down the road, he raced along towards him. In doing so, he ran beneath a bicycle, the wheel of which went over his stomach. Although it did not hurt him much, he was very frightened,

and, jumping up as soon as he could, tore home, yelling loudly. However, the incident failed to teach him 'road-sense,' for shortly afterwards he was run over by a car. This time he was seriously hurt, and it was over seven weeks before he recovered. No sooner was he out and about again, though, when a motorcycle hit him, and nearly cut off one of his ears. It was only as the result of most careful nursing that he recovered. Since that time his master has taken care to keep him leashed when they go along busy roads. It is to be regretted that all dog-owners do not appreciate the danger that is incurred to their animals, to car-drivers, and to the public generally, by allowing their dogs to run unchecked in main thoroughfares. A dog is a creature of impulse, and can, as a rule, hold only one idea in his mind at a time ; no matter how keen a 'road-sense' he has acquired, he will, if something suddenly claims his attention, throw caution to the winds, and streak out into the road, heedless alike of his owner's calls and the car-driver's frantic hootings—at any rate, until it is too late to avert the accident.

Another dog named Rover to win the 'VC' Collar is a collie belonging to Mrs. Gray, of the Mill Farm, Anstey. This dog saved two men from an attack by a bull. Both men were gored badly when Rover dashed to the rescue, and gave the opportunity for them to be dragged to safety. Rover himself suffered an injury to one eye in consequence of his brave deed.

CHAPTER XI

FOUR VERY BRAVE DOGS

A SPECIAL thought is due from all animal-lovers to the four dogs whose stories are told in this chapter. Their devotion and heroism extended to the utmost limit ; they sacrificed their lives in the fulfilment of their love.

* * * *

A mile or so outside Quillon, Travancore, a stone monument stands beneath the shade of a casarina tree, on a promontory facing out across the lake. It commemorates the self-sacrifice and devotion of a dog.

Many years ago a certain Colonel Gordon was resident at Quillon. He was the owner of a large Newfoundland dog which used to accompany him when he went bathing. One morning the Colonel was swimming in the lake, whilst the dog lay guarding his master's clothes on the shore. Suddenly he began to bark in a most violent manner. Gordon, unable to see any cause for the animal's excitement, continued to swim in the deep water. The dog became more violently excited, running down to the water's edge at one particular point. Looking in the direction to which the animal's attention was drawn, the swimmer thought he could perceive a circular ripple moving

the otherwise smooth surface of the water. Making for the shore, he soon saw that the ripple was made by some large body moving stealthily under the water. He guessed at once the whole situation: a very large crocodile was swimming well below the surface, and making in his direction. The huge reptile was already partly between him and the shore.

The dog knew it all. Suddenly he ceased barking, plunged into the water, and headed in an oblique line so as to intercept the moving ripple. All at once he disappeared from the surface, dragged down by the huge beast beneath. When he found that all his efforts to warn his master of the imminent danger were useless, the gallant beast determined to give his own life to save that of his beloved master. He must have known full well the fate that awaited him when he dashed into the water to give battle to the sinister dark form—else why was he so urgent in his barks of alarm to his master?

Colonel Gordon reached the shore safely, and afterwards built the stone monument on the rock above the scene, planting a casarina tree to shadow it.

* * * *

Another dog who paid for his heroism with his life was Pal Dobbing, a collie owned by Mr. Johnson Dobbin, of St. Catherines, Ontario.

Mr. Dobbin lived in a cottage in Lincoln Avenue, on the outskirts of the town. Early in 1931, he was awakened at about two o'clock one morning by the collie's frantic barks. On opening the bedroom door, he found that the house was in flames. He quickly

awakened his wife and the children, and they all scrambled hastily out into the street through a window, dressed only in their night attire. Pal Dobbing followed them, but when he reached the road, he suddenly started searching urgently all around. He was devoted to the three children, and apparently in the dark and confusion, missed his playmate, the youngest child. With a bark, he darted back into the flaming house. Mr. Dobbin ran after him, and despite the smoke and heat, managed to catch the collie and hustle him out of the door. But evading the man's outstretched arms, the dog rushed back again into the house. Again Mr. Dobbin rescued him, and once outside held him fast by the collar. The dog struggled frantically to free himself; when he found his efforts of no avail, he twisted his head and sunk his teeth into the restraining hand. Mr. Dobbin perforce released his grasp on the collar, and the dog once again rushed back into the blazing house. The fire was raging so fiercely by now that Mr. Dobbin did not dare follow him. The little group of refugees stood huddled in the roadway, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the fire brigade. And above the crackle and roar of the flames, they could hear the agonized barks of Pal Dobbing as he darted about inside the blazing building, searching vainly for the child he thought was still within the house. Heedless of the heat and fumes, the dog rushed from room to room; gradually his barks grew fainter and fainter, till at last they ceased altogether. When the firemen arrived and

extinguished the blaze, they found his charred body amid the ruins.

* * * *

Mr. Earl Brice, of Nassau, Bahamas, owes the life of his little daughter, Beverley, to the devotion of an Airedale. The dog, Cracker by name, was inseparable companion and playmate to the three-year-old girl ; he used to play with her in the garden all day long, and at night slept by her side. One Wednesday morning, Mr. Brice left home in his car. As he drove down the road, his attention was attracted by the peculiar behaviour of Cracker. The dog raced alongside, barking and jumping up ; twice he took great bounds and tried to leap into the moving car, but each time fell back. Mr. Brice could not imagine what was wrong with the dog ; he had never behaved like this before, in fact was quite used to motoring. He leaned over and shouted at Cracker, indicating with his arm to the dog that he was to return home. Cracker ignored these rebukes and continued to race along with the car, repeatedly throwing himself against it, and then scrambling to his feet again.

Mr. Brice began to get annoyed at this unaccountable behaviour, when two young boys, attracted by the dog's antics, suddenly shouted out to him, and pointed excitedly at the rear of the car. Mr. Brice stopped immediately, and got out to see what was amiss. Going to the back of the car, he found little Beverley, wide-eyed and as white as a sheet, clinging to the rear bumper. She collapsed in his arms, and

for some time was inarticulate with fright. Both her legs were severely bruised and scratched, where they had dragged along the road. Later, when she was safely in bed, she related what had happened. Apparently she had been standing behind the car holding the bumper, when Mr. Brice suddenly started to move off. She was too frightened to let go, and her feeble cries were drowned by the noise of the engine. Only Cracker saw what was happening, and bounding after the car, did his best to attract his master's attention. His prompt action prevented Mr. Brice from accelerating as he would otherwise have done, and Beverley escaped serious injury ; had the car gathered speed, she would have stood scant chance of escaping with her life.

Cracker, though, was severely injured by the repeated knocks and falls. A vet. was called, and Mrs. Brice nursed him day and night. But all efforts were in vain ; he had received serious internal injuries, and died three days later, to the intense grief of little Beverley.

* * * *

Little Spot was only just twelve months old when he gave his life for those he loved.

He was a mongrel of the terrier type, and derived his name from the two black spots on his otherwise pure-white coat. He was born early in August, 1929, and was given by a friend to Mrs. Yung Yen, the English wife of a Chinaman, living in Pitt Street, Liverpool. Whilst still a puppy, he conceived a strong affection for his mistress's children, two boys

and a girl, the youngest being only a few months old.

Spot lived an ordinary, happy dog's life, enjoying himself as young dogs do ; most of his hours were spent romping and playing with the two elder children, and when their games together were over, he invariably sought out the baby's cot, and curled up beside it.

The children were bathed every night, and it was Spot's great delight to sit beside the tub and watch the proceedings, cocking his head a little on one side now and then. On Saturdays, to his unbounded joy, he himself was dumped into the bath after the children had been washed ; he loved it, and when the scrubbing was over, used to establish himself in the centre of the rug before the fire, with the children gathered round him. It is doubtful whether any dog has ever been happier and prouder than little Spot used to be on those Saturday nights. Three cats also shared the shelter of the little house in Pitt Street, and, although Spot was the best of friends with them, he jealously excluded them from the hearthrug at bath time.

Then, in September, 1930, tragedy befell the happy home. On the night of the second of the month, Mrs. Yen was awakened by the frantic barks and yells of Spot. The tone of his voice was so urgent that she felt sure something serious was wrong, and roused her husband. Spot was in the kitchen, and they hurried downstairs ; when they opened the door, a cloud of hot, choking smoke gushed out into

their faces, nearly suffocating them. Spot, apparently unharmed, shot out and tore upstairs.

The Chinaman shouted to his wife to go and call the fire brigade, saying he would meanwhile get the children out. The distracted woman raced as fast as she could to the fire alarm at the end of the street. When she returned, the house was a blazing ruin. The draught caused by the opening of the doors had fanned the fire, which already had gained a strong hold, into a raging furnace. Mr. Yen had made gallant attempts to reach the children, but the stairs were quite impassable.

The fire brigade soon arrived on the scene, and in due course managed to get the outbreak in hand. But by the time they reached the bedrooms, it was too late. All three children had been suffocated as they slept. And on the floor was stretched the charred body of little Spot. Held tightly in his mouth was a corner of a sheet which he had tried to drag from the bed on which his little friends lay sleeping, blissfully unaware of the imminent danger.

CHAPTER XII

MOFFAT TREASURE

THE scene is a quiet street in a North-west London suburb, Doyle Gardens, Harlesden.

Set on the slope of a hill, its lower end joins Harlesden Road, a busy main thoroughfare. Halfway up the hill two navvies are digging a hole in the road ; an errand boy is wheeling his bicycle up the hill ; several housewives are going down, their shopping baskets proclaiming their purpose ; and, near the crest of the rise, there walks a man with two dogs at his heels. They are beautiful creatures. One is an Old English Sheepdog, a magnificent specimen of his breed, with a lovely blue coat, splashed with white ; it is very thick and curly and makes him look even larger than he really is. The other is a sleek, smooth-haired collie, whose handsome merle-grey coat is flecked with silver. It is evident that they are both well trained, for they walk shoulder to shoulder at their master's heels.

Suddenly there is a distant shout, a great clatter, a thunder of horse's hoofs, and a rattle of wheels. The two navvies lay down their picks, and glance up ; the errand boy stops whistling ; the housewives turn round in alarm. And then at the top of the hill a runaway horse careers madly into view, a baker's

delivery cart swaying and lurching behind him. His ears are laid flat, his nostrils are distended with fright, and the reins drag on the ground beside him. As the cart reaches the top of the hill, its momentum increases, and the terrified beast plunges forward even faster; at the bottom of the hill is the main road, with 'buses, lorries and cars passing every few moments; beyond, across the main road, is a high fence and hedge. The two navvies drop their tools and snatch up a long pole, hoping to avert the imminent disaster by holding it in front of the bolting horse. Meanwhile the man at the top of the hill turns quickly to his dogs—"Sit!" he commands, and the two animals obediently sink to their haunches. He then leaps into the roadway, waving his arms at the oncoming horse, hoping thus to stop it. But he might just as well have tried to sweep back the tide with a broom. Nothing short of physical force will stop the terrified horse.

The horse bears down on top of him, but as he turns to spring out of the way, the sheepdog rises, bounds into the road, and takes a tremendous leap straight at the horse. It is a wonderful jump. He lands full and square in the mad horse's face, and the thud of the impact can be heard above the rattle and clatter of the cart. The horse staggers, stops dead in his stride, and rears up on his hind legs; the momentum of the cart pushes him forward, his feet slip, and he slithers to the ground.

This little drama occurred in May, 1930. The sheepdog was Moffat Treasure, and his master Mr. A.

Jinks, of Ancona Road, Harlesden. The horse and van belonged to Messrs. Stevenson's, Bakers and Confectioners. After the incident, Moffat Treasure seemed very pleased with himself, though at first he looked rather as though he expected to be punished for his disobedience in leaving the pavement after being told to sit ; needless to say, his master overlooked this breach of discipline. The horse and van were left in charge of the two workmen—the van driver not having appeared on the scene—and Moffat Treasure went home with his master. The incident would have passed unknown to any except those who witnessed it but for the fact that it was brought to the notice of the *Daily Mirror*, and they awarded Moffat Treasure the Brave Dogs' Collar. Later, the Tailwaggers' Club also presented him with a special silver medallion in recognition of his bravery.

He was born on June 29th, 1924. Both his parents were thoroughbreds ; his mother was called Ways Green Peggy, his father Faithful Tramp ; the latter is still alive, having attained the good age of twelve years. Moffat Treasure—his pet name is Jumbo—was one of a family of thirteen, and his original owner, Mrs. Breakspear, was only too pleased to be rid of him, because he was a terrible tyrant over all his brothers and sisters ; he has since, though, developed a most docile nature, and allows children to ride on his back, and do anything they please with him. He has been entered for numerous dog shows, and has altogether won over two hundred prizes, including many Firsts, Cups, Specials, and a Reserve

Challenge Certificate at Cruft's. Quite recently, he won the Cup at Cruft's in the veteran class, and, despite his age, was placed 3rd in a class with younger dogs.

His coat is truly glorious ; coarse, long and broken, it is of the true blue-grey, the face, head, chest and paws being snowy white. His eyes, which are hidden by the long hairs hanging in front, are very large and of a beautiful soft brown colour. He weighs nearly 1 cwt.

His collie companion is also a thoroughbred, and is registered at the Kennel Club under the name Great Friend. He is a year older than Moffat Treasure, but they are great pals and have been ever since they first met, ten years ago ; they always sleep together, and have been separated for two nights only, when Moffat was sent away to a Show. Both dogs love the country passionately ; they have never been trained or used for work on a farm, but the shepherding instinct seems to be paramount in them ; often when in the country, they will lie for hours watching some other dog at work with his flock, and would probably take a great delight in joining him were they permitted. Once, when at the seaside, a flock of sheep broke loose from a field, crossed a road and clambered over a sea-wall on to the shore. Of his own accord, Moffat Treasure bounded off and drove them back, not leaving them until they were safe and sound in the field again. On another occasion, his master and mistress found an injured sea-gull ; they fed it and made it as comfortable as possible, and then left it ;

a little later, they came back and found Moffat Treasure and Great Friend sitting quietly on each side of it, keeping guard.

The dogs seem to be very particular about their personal appearance and cannot rest if their coats are muddy or dirty ; often they give one another a wash, each licking the other's face, after which they go to sleep, Moffat using his collie pal's back as a pillow. Moffat is extremely fond of horses ; when out for a walk, he will go up to any horse, and, if it is holding its head low enough, lick its nose. It has, however, been necessary to check this habit, as quite probably it would cause a timid horse to bolt ; and it would indeed be unfortunate if he were to be the cause of some such accident, after having won the Brave Dogs' Collar for averting one.

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CHAPTER XIII

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S BRAVE DOGS

NO long journey," says Scott, "has ever been made by a dog team in the Arctic Regions, from which the animals have returned alive." And when he came back from his gallant but vain bid to reach the South Pole with Shackleton and Wilson, he wrote, ". . . probably our experience," i.e. the way in which all the dogs were lost, "was an exceptionally sad one . . . but it left in each one of our small party an unconquerable aversion to the employment of dogs in this ruthless fashion. We knew well that they had served their end, that they had carried us much further than we could have got by our own efforts, but we all felt that we would never willingly face a repetition of such incidents."

On such expeditions, it is, of course, the working value of the dog which determines whether he is employed or not ; and on that subject there has been much controversy amongst those experienced in Polar exploration. There are two ways in which he may be used : either he is regarded as a member of the party, to be brought back safe and sound, or he is looked upon as a mere pawn in the game, from which the best value is to be got regardless of his life and

Pir Mohd Alam

Moti Tall Dhan
Roll no. 139.
S.P. College
Brinagari
Umer

MOFFAT TREASURE.

A brave and clever Old English Sheepdog.

comfort. In the latter case, his value is indicated by a direct comparison of his sledge-pulling power and food requirements with that of a man; and, in theory at any rate, the comparison shows him as a far more efficient machine than the man. Broadly speaking, it has been established that two dogs require only the same weight of food as one man, and drawing a moderate load under normal conditions, can pull the sledge double the distance. In addition, the dog does not require a sleeping-bag, tent, cooking apparatus, or any of the other articles which figure so largely in the permanent weights of a sledge party. But against these advantages must be placed the fact that, on long journeys, the dog has proved himself a fickle and unstable worker; and really, is it to be wondered at? Unlike his driver, the dog has no knowledge of the great object which it is hoped to achieve, and so lacks the fiery urge of enthusiasm to keep straining on and on under the stress of hardship and discomfort. All he knows is that, day after day he is required to plod through the snow dragging a heavy sledge after him, with only the added discomfort of frequent blizzards to break the monotony; this routine he has to endure for he knows not how long, and often on short rations. Is it remarkable, then, that he often loses heart, and shirks his work whenever he can? It was an experience of these facts that brought Scott to the conclusion that a properly-organized party of men is a more efficient motive power for long journeys in Polar Region, than dog teams, provided always that

it is intended to preserve the lives of the dogs. "But if," he says, "it is decided to sacrifice the dogs to the supreme object of the journey, then the matter is placed on a different footing, and the dog team is invested with a capacity for work which is beyond the emulation of a party of men." Briefly, this method of "sacrificing the dogs to the supreme object of the journey," means that it is intended to feed them one on the other until none is left. Repellent as this system may seem at first sight, there is, from a humane point of view, really no cruelty in it. No one (except of course a vegetarian) would decry the proposal of a party of travellers in a temperate clime to drive with them a diminishing flock of sheep to supply their food requirements during the journey; the real cruelty, if such existed, would lie in over-driving and under-feeding the animals, not in their slaughter. And so it is with dog teams; suddenly and painlessly to end the life of an animal which has been well fed and well cared for is not cruel; but to subject him to a long period of suffering, overwork and short rations, is indeed reprehensible. Naturally, a venture into the unknown snowfields of the Polar Regions is wrought with hazard, and circumstances will invariably render it impossible to avoid inflicting pain on the dogs; it was the bitter experience of this fact that produced in Scott and his two companions so strong an aversion to the use of dog teams. "... it was this fact, more than the actual killing," he says, "that weighed heavily on us when we had gradually and completely to efface the patient com-

panions of our southern sledge journey." In whatever light it is decided to regard the sledge dog at the outset—either as a fellow-worker, or as a mere pawn in the game—he is such a sentient creature that nearly all experienced travellers agree it is impossible to contemplate calmly his murder; his intelligence and individuality rarely fail to endear him to his driver, and when the inevitable time comes when he has to be slaughtered, it is like killing a friend and companion.

When setting out (in 1902) on his attempt to reach the South Pole, Scott adopted a system compounded of the two methods; he realized that some of the weaker dogs would unavoidably have to be sacrificed, but hoped that a remnant of the larger and stronger members would return to enjoy again a life of luxury and ease. Unfortunately, not one of the dogs survived; nineteen set out with the little party on the southern journey, and every one left his bones lying buried in the snow.

The origin of the team is shrouded in mystery, and details of their early life and parentage will never be known. All that is known is that they came from Northern Russia. Scott learned, when he was busy organizing the projected voyage of the "Discovery," that an American Expedition which was preparing for a trip to Franz-Josef Land, had commissioned a Russian named Trontheim to obtain between 300 and 400 dogs; accordingly, he got in touch with his agent in Archangel, Mr. Wilson, asking him to try to arrange for Trontheim to add another 20 to his

commission. This was done, and Tronthein agreed to give Mr. Wilson first pick of the animals. How far the Russian wandered to fulfil his undertaking is not known, but in due course he returned with the required number of animals, seemingly having travelled widely over the lands inhabited by the Ostiak and Samoyede tribes. Mr. Wilson selected 20 dogs and 3 bitches, and sent them over to Scott in London ; on arrival they were housed in the Zoo, where they remained until the "Discovery" set sail for New Zealand. What a strange life for a dog!—to be born and reared on the lonely plains of Northern Russia, to be sent to the London Zoo, to be shipped across half the world, crossing the Equator *en route*, and finally to die in the vast desolate wastes of the Antarctic !

Before leaving England, Scott was persuaded by a friend to make a slight alteration in his provisioning arrangements, an alteration which, he was afterwards convinced, cost him dearly ; originally he planned to take a supply of ordinary dog biscuits for the dogs, but his friend, who had had great experience in dog driving, persuaded him to substitute fish. The latter had been used continually during sledge trips in northern regions, and had been adjudged a very much superior diet ; the particular fish found most satisfactory being the Norwegian stock-fish such as is split, dried and exported from that country in great quantities for human food. Accordingly, he shipped a large quantity of this fish ; but a very important fact had been overlooked—namely, that the "Dis-

covery" had to pass through the tropics; and it seems that, in spite of being dried, the fish deteriorated under influence of the extreme heat, though it showed no outward signs. The result was that the dogs sickened, and some died of what can only be supposed was a kind of scurvy; unfortunately, the evil effects of the tainted diet were not noticeable until the team had to face the strain of the long southern journey, and, of course, it was too late to do anything then.

Scott and his companions saw little of the dogs until the Base Depot was established at Cape Armitage; then, during the months of preparation and preliminary surveying throughout the spring and summer, they had ample opportunity of getting to know their four-footed companions. They discovered in them a wealth of individuality and character. The most noticeable point about the team was the great difference in breed; although on the whole a fine, strong lot of dogs, they varied enormously in size and colour, and were, as a result, a rather motley-looking crowd. There were three distinct types, besides variations and modifications of these types. The first, which was by far the best-pulling dog, was a big, strong-limbed creature, of a nondescript colour, with a thick but comparatively short coat. The second type was a short-legged, thick-set dog, who had a long, shaggy coat, black-and-white in colour. Lastly, there was a type of dog who, in appearance, so closely resembled the grey wolf, that it was felt the blood relationship must have been

very close indeed ; and the character of these dogs seemed to confirm the opinion, for they were timid, cunning creatures of uncertain temper, and had all the sneaking distrust of their wild cousins, and none of the good humour and boisterous affection which was so marked in the rest of the team.

The majority of the dogs seemed well used to sledge work, though there were amongst them several younger dogs who were quite untrained and had apparently never been in harness before.

When the dogs arrived in London, only one piece of information about them was sent, by word of mouth, from the Russian who had scoured the wilds to obtain them ; and this was that one dog (later christened Nigger) was the acknowledged king and ruler of the pack ; he had, so the message stated, held the same high office over 400 of his kind. He came to be called Nigger on account of his coat, which was black with some tan markings ; but it was a name that fitted him ill ; it failed sadly to convey the grandness and dignity of his character. He was a fine specimen with a magnificent head and chest and was well qualified for his post as pack leader. A more perfect sledge dog it would have been difficult to find. He loved his work and it was a delight to watch him at it. He chose his place naturally as the leader of the team, and it was fatal to put him in any other position ; on the one or two rare occasions when this happened, he made himself so unpleasant to his neighbours and generally behaved so badly

that he was quickly put back in his rightful place at the front.

On the trail, the dogs were usually left in their traces overnight, and in the morning Nigger used to watch every movement of the men as they struck the tent and loaded the sledge ; and not until everything was almost ready, would he move, except to pace up and down at his picket now and then, giving voice to a low throaty bark of welcome whenever anyone approached him. If any of the other dogs went too near him, he warned them off with a blood-thirsty snarl. Later, when one of the party went to uproot his picket stake, his keen eye would follow every movement, and a slow wagging of his tail would quite obviously signify approval ; one of the men always marched at the head of the team, and when everything was ready and the word came to start, Nigger used to brace his powerful chest against the harness, and push his head affectionately against the man's leg, as much as to say, " Now ! Come on ! " In the evening, too, after a long day's march, he used to drop straight in his tracks and wait, his great head resting between his paws, more like a graven image than a live dog ; the other dogs might clamour for their food, but Nigger knew perfectly well that the tent had to be put up first. As soon though, as he saw one of the party approach the dog food, he was up and waiting ; always, above the howling chorus that arose from the hungry dogs, could be heard his deep, bell-like voice ; and he insisted upon his privilege, as leader of the pack, of being fed before the

others. If by any chance one of the other dogs received his portion first, a wild disturbance ensued, for Nigger would not tolerate it, and used to leap amongst his companions, spreading havoc and confusion on every hand. Poor Nigger ! He was doomed to share the common fate of the team, and a knife gave him a speedy and merciful release from his sufferings ; but can it be wondered that the hand which struck the blow trembled with emotion ? He was the last of the team to pass into that Other Land, wherever it may be, where good and faithful dogs go.

Although Nigger was the outstanding personality of the team, every one of the dogs had his own peculiar characteristics, and altogether they displayed as great a variety as could be found in a team of the size. During the months of preliminary preparation at the Base, Scott and his fellow-members of the Expedition had ample opportunity of developing a close acquaintanceship with the dogs, and many firm friendships sprang up. It was found, though, quite impossible to make the animals obey a single word of command unless they were in harness, and the dogs were great losers on account of this ; they missed many a walk by their total lack of obedience, for to take one out on a lead meant, as often as not that the dog rather than the man, directed the course of the walk. They became very cunning, too, in the matter of trying to obtain their freedom. If one was taken for a walk on a chain, he would at first bound about all over the place, tugging the man hither and thither in his wake ; later, when he found this

ineffectual, he would quieten down and become quite docile, trotting meekly along beside his companion, now and then pressing his muzzle up into the man's hand. But if the latter was unwise enough to slip the leash, the dog would be off in a moment, and would be seen no more until hunger drove him back to the kennels. The return of a truant was invariably proclaimed by a terrific hubbub at the kennels, and unless someone rushed quickly to the scene, a fierce fight usually followed. In the early days, the dogs were allowed to run loose all day and night, but it was soon found impossible to give them their freedom in this way, mainly on account of the extraordinary amount of jealousy that sprang up amongst them. This jealousy can perhaps be better described as 'pack-sense,' for it existed not so much between dog and dog, but between the whole pack and any one dog who received more attention than the rest. If, for instance, any dog was for some reason taken away, even for a day, from the pack, when he returned he would as likely as not be set upon by *all* the other dogs, and murdered. It was not that the animals' memories were shortlived, and failing to recognize their recent companion, they regarded him as a stranger; for the dark deed would not be done until some time after the return of the condemned dog. Twice the crew of the "Discovery" witnessed an example of this mob murder, which was over before a hand could be raised to prevent it.

Several of the dogs were taken away on a practice sledging trip, and on their return were set loose again

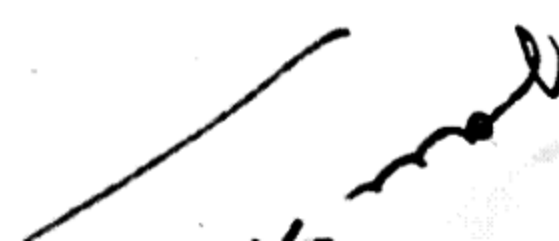
with the rest of the pack; nothing untoward happened for several days—in fact, the entire pack seemed on the best of terms, better indeed than they had ever been before. Had it but been known, this peace and quiet was only the lull preceding the pending storm. For, a few days later, the men witnessed the first murder. A heavy fall of snow had temporarily confined the party to the “Discovery,” and they were standing on deck idly watching the dogs quietly trotting about on the shore. Suddenly there was a growl, a wild rush to the central spot, a heap of heaving, snarling forms, and the horrid deed was done, almost before it was realized the peace had been disturbed. The murder accomplished, peace reigned once more, and it would have been hard to believe anything had happened but for the stiff lifeless form on the snow. A day or so later a repetition of the incident occurred. Both the dead dogs had been amongst those who had been absent from the pack for several days. Exactly the same thing happened if one of the dogs was petted or paid more attention than the rest. Pack jealousy seems the only explanation. If any of the dogs were taken away from the pack, the same thing always occurred.

Why should they have been chosen? What treats and petting at the hands of man had they been receiving that by rights belonged to the whole community? It was no use to tailwag and pretend to be friendly, because that was mere impertinent deception.

Such, one can only suppose, were the thoughts that passed through the minds of the pack ; and, biding their time, they dealt out punishment, swift and terrible, to the offender. The first growl, the first step beyond the rigid limits of propriety, and not one, but the whole pack would turn on the unfortunate animal, and the thickest coat proved but poor protection against those bloodthirsty fangs.

The dog team originally numbered twenty-four, but by the time the Southern party set out, the strength was reduced to nineteen : two were murdered in the manner just related, one was lost down a crevasse during an early sledge trip, one died from an unknown cause, and the fifth fell victim to Nigger's fierce fangs. This action of Nigger's was rather strange, because the dog, Paddy by name, was his sole friend in the team ; their kennels were adjacent, and Paddy was the only dog with whom Nigger deigned to associate at all. As Paddy was always content to play second fiddle, there seemed little chance of a rupture, yet one morning Paddy was found dead, with a deep gash in his flank. It can only be concluded that in some way or other he overstepped the strict limits of the friendship, for Nigger was, without doubt, the responsible party ; it was found that he had slipped his collar during the night and he presently appeared on the scene of the murder, wearing an obviously assumed air of innocence, and wagging his tail.

Each dog had his own particular master, and they all soon came to answer readily to the names they had been given. These were :



Nigger	Birdie	Wolfe
Jim	Nell	Vic
Spud	Blanco	Bismarck
Snatcher	Grannie	Kid
Fitzclarence	Lewis	Boss
Stripes	Gus	Brownie
	Joe	

Joe was a last-minute addition to the team, and he had a history of his own. He was the personal property of one of the members of the Expedition—Bernacchi—and had been impressed in an effort to swell the numbers. Born at Cape Adar in the Antarctic, he had been brought to England by Bernacchi, and had learned to behave himself with proper decorum in a London drawing-room ; it was, no doubt, much against his will that he was taken from the comforts of civilization to return to the land of his birth, where he finished his career.

The only two dogs who bore any real outward resemblance were Kid and Bismarck : they were both short-legged animals with fleecy black-and-white coats. But the likeness was only superficial, for in character they differed greatly : Bismarck was one of the laziest members of the team, whereas Kid was the most indefatigable worker of all the dogs, and would set forth his best efforts from morn to night. The whip was never applied to his panting little form, and when he stopped it was to die from exhaustion.

Even as Nigger was, perhaps, the handsomest of

the dogs, so Fitzclarence was the ugliest ; he had a snubbish nose, a torn ear, an ungainly body and ribs that could easily be counted through his dirty, tattered coat. Nevertheless, he harboured beneath this unprepossessing exterior a kindly nature and a capacity for hard work ; kindness and good food worked wonders with him, and although he never developed into a thing of beauty, he became a very passable sledge dog.

Lewis was also a good-hearted animal, though a rather inconsistent worker. He was a big, thick-coated brindle dog, amazingly powerful and always noisily affectionate and hopelessly clumsy ; he would prance about and leap up at the men, often bowling them over in the snow in his boisterous demonstration of affection. He was very popular with everyone, as a dog of such big, blustering good nature deserved to be.

Of a very different nature was Jim, a sleek, greedy villain up to all the tricks of the trade ; he was full of cunning and developed a most amazing way of avoiding his share of work. When he chose, he could pull splendidly, but generally he preferred to pretend to pull. During the march, his eye rarely left the man with the whip, on whose approach the sly creature could be seen panting and labouring, as though he felt sure everything depended on his labours ; but a moment or so later, when the danger of the whip had passed, the watchful eye could detect a trace behind him that had a very palpable sag in it. Yet, in spite of all his faults, Jim was not

unpopular ; annoying as his tricks were, it was impossible not to hold a sneaking admiration for his roguish cunning, and nearly everyone treated him with bantering affection.

Wolfe also was a terrible shirker, but he had none of Jim's redeeming virtues. He was, in fact, a most hopelessly bad-tempered animal, sullen, morose, and vicious ; for all the good he was, he might just as well have been left behind. By his behaviour it really seemed as though, objecting strongly in the first place to being taken on the trip at all, he had decided to give vent to his grudge in every possible way. On the principle that you can lead a horse to the water, but cannot make him drink, Wolfe submitted (with a very bad grace) to being led to the traces, but stubbornly refused to pull ; nothing at all would induce him to do even a reasonable share of the work. From start to finish he remained intractable, meeting every advance to friendship with the same vicious ill-humour, and receiving the severest whipping with stoicism.

One other bad-tempered dog there was in the team, but, though all efforts to tame him failed, he did, at any rate, consent to do his work once he understood what was required of him. This dog was Birdie, a large, reddish-brown creature, very wolfish in appearance, powerfully built and a strong puller. It can only be concluded that he had not been kindly treated in his youth, for, whilst he lacked Wolfe's sullen ill-humour, he likewise repulsed all attempts to pet him. He would growl dangerously at anyone who went

near him, even when the person was bringing his food to him, but if left alone, he kept quiet enough and did his work.

Of the remainder of the team: Gus, Stripes, Snatcher and Vic were nice, pleasant-mannered dogs and good average pullers; Nell was a pretty little black dog with a snappish temper but pleasant ways; Blanco was a creature with few attractive qualities and was of so little use that she was sent back to the ship with the supporting party; Grannie, though old and toothless, lived and died game in the traces; and Brownie was an exceptionally handsome dog, charming as a pet, but less gifted as a sledge puller. He was very light in build, and always seemed a little too refined and ladylike for the rigorous work; he seemed to be well aware of this, and seldom lost an opportunity of employing his pleasing appearance and persuasive ways to lighten his afflictions. On one occasion, for instance, he was found sitting in the snow shivering with cold. Pity was taken on him and he was brought aboard the "Discovery" and given a warm nest in the forecastle, greatly to his delight. Careful observation, however, revealed the fact that in reality he was a gross impostor; it was found that he was in the habit of putting on his shivering fits only when someone appeared in sight! He was evidently aware that if he stayed on board, not only would he get a warm nest, but certain tit-bits that his heart desired; so in a most rascally way, he played up to the sense of pity his supposed misery inculcated. When the sly deception was

discovered, Brownie was ruthlessly hustled back to his kennel ; although it required a certain hardening of the heart to do this, it was impossible to start petting one dog more than the rest—the dire consequences of so doing have been told already. It may be remarked here that the dogs had an extraordinary instinct of self-preservation which urged them to forsake their kennels whenever it snowed very heavily. They seemed to have a great dread of being drifted up, and despite the greater comfort and warmth of the kennels, they always preferred, during a blizzard, to curl up outside, where they could break out when the weight of the snow got too great.

And to complete the description of this gallant band of dogs who set forth, never to return, with Scott into the Great Unknown, a word must be said about Spud. He was a big, strong, black-coated animal, and the general opinion was that he was daft. He was a loveable enough creature, but there was something definitely wrong with his mental arrangements, for he used to behave in the most extraordinary manner. In the middle of a long and monotonous march, he would suddenly whimper and start to prance about in the traces ; in dog language this was a signal that something was in sight, and it always had an electrical effect on the other dogs, no matter how tired they might be. As soon as Spud started his capers, they used to break into a trot, with heads raised to look around, and noses sniffing the breeze. All the dogs used to give the signal when anything really came in sight on the unbroken

expanse of snow, but Spud alone gave it without any cause, and, curiously enough, the others never discovered the fraud. He behaved oddly in other ways, too ; he used to give the impression of being intensely busy, and was always stepping over imaginary obstacles ; his pulling, too, was done in a jerky, irregular fashion. But perhaps the principal sign of his mental incapacity was the ease with which the others could rob him of his food ; all he did about it was to look perplexed and then grin foolishly.

Some nine or ten months were spent in preparation at the Base before the bid to reach the South Pole was made, and in course of time the dogs settled down into a united team. In the intervals between serious sledging work, the men organized team races, which not only kept the dogs fit, but afforded much innocent amusement by the upsets and other mishaps which occurred. On one occasion two teams raced neck and neck for a while, each straining to gain a lead ; they were too evenly matched for either to outpace the other, so suddenly they decided to settle the contest in a quicker and more definite manner ; abandoning the race, the two teams swung round and fell upon one another to the accompaniment of the most blood-curdling snarls and yelps. Luckily it was possible to separate them before any serious damage was done ; it was curious to observe that, although all of the same pack, they kept sides religiously, the members of each team fighting only those of the rival company ; one wonders how, in the confusion and excitement, they were able to

distinguish friend from foe, but by some mysterious method of their own, they did so. Their greatest delight was seal hunting. In the winter season when the seals came up frequently, the dogs slipped off and made for their haunts on every possible occasion, and the far-away sound of their furious barks soon told what was happening. Efforts were made to prevent the slaughter of the unfortunate seals, but it was extremely difficult to hold the dogs back, and often the lifeless form of a seal would be found, telling its own tale. If one of the dogs was being taken for a walk on the leash, the chances were that the man would be caught unawares and find himself either without a dog, or being dragged along violently on his stomach. The dogs did not kill the seals by physical violence ; in every case when the dead body of a seal was found, it was obvious that the wretched animal had been literally *worried* to death. There were no wounds on the body worth mentioning—in fact the hide was far too thick and tough for a dog's teeth to penetrate. Apparently the fiendish dogs must have danced round and round their unfortunate victim, rushing and snapping at him from every side and not giving him an instant's peace until life was extinct. They did it for the sheer devilish sport of the thing, for the victim once dead, the tormentors made no attempt to feed off him (although it is doubtful whether they could have succeeded had they tried), but as soon as he ceased to show sport, they quietly trotted away in search of fresh excitement. The fact that they could not feed on the seals

was a distinct advantage, as in course of time, they were driven by hunger back to the ship ; had food been available elsewhere, it is probable the truants never would have been seen again. This hunting instinct was extraordinarily strong in the dogs. The most listless, weary-looking team had only to catch sight of the black dots away over the snow to be electrified into a state of wild excitement ; the heavily-loaded sledge, which a moment before had seemed to be taking all the heart out of the tired animals, would become the merest bagatelle, and the driver would be lucky if he had time to add his own weight to it, and so prevent himself from being left behind.

In this connection, a rather curious incident occurred, which seems to indicate that the dogs were capable of holding a strong affection and sense of loyalty for one another. A day or two before Scott was due to go on a short sledge trip, Birdie and Snatcher were taken for a walk ; their attendant, tired of being dragged hither and thither, rather foolishly let them run with their chains still attached to their harness, thinking that, thus handicapped, they would be easily caught again. But the dogs, rejoicing in their freedom, soon disappeared from sight, and failed to turn up again by nightfall. Days went by, and eventually Scott had to start on his journey without them. After a continued absence of some days, Snatcher turned up at the ship again alone, very worn out, thin and hungry. It was guessed that seals were at the bottom of the trouble,

so a search party was organized and eventually Birdie was found in a starving condition, pinned close down to the snow by his chain, which was frozen solid beneath the body of a huge seal. Obviously, the two dogs had worried the poor seal to death, and in the scrimmage the latter's body had rolled over Birdie's chain, holding him a fast prisoner. The curious thing was the way Snatcher voluntarily submitted for so long to starvation rather than desert his companion.

Meanwhile, Blanco and Nell presented the Expedition with twelve little puppies. Blanco did not prove a very good mother, and succeeded in killing two of her family, but Nell guarded hers very jealously, growling and snapping whenever anyone went near her. Vincka also added three to the puppy population; this dog, a handsome Samoyede, has not been mentioned yet because she was not one of the official dog team, but Armitage's own pet. She was called upon to perform only very minor work, and did not go with the Southern party on the long journey. Each mother was given a comfortable nest, lined with straw and sacking in the forecastle of the "Discovery." Vincka took her maternal duties very lightly, apparently thinking that her offspring existed for the sole purpose of romping with her; the youngsters did not see the matter in the same light, and often became extremely annoyed, growling and snapping at all her playful efforts. Their small inquisitive minds were bent on exploration, and sometimes they flew into paroxysms of rage

at her interference. Blanco, too, treated her family with such scant respect that they would have all perished but for the human attention given them ; she seemed to be absolutely devoid of the natural instincts of a mother. Nell, on the other hand, was a model parent, and ministered to the needs of her pups dutifully. A very curious thing happened in connection with these puppies nearly a year later, when the "Discovery" set sail for New Zealand. They nearly all died of thirst, *because they did not know how to lap*. Born and reared in the Antarctic, where freshwater is practically unknown, they had always slaked their thirst by eating snow. It was only with the greatest difficulty and by dint of the most patient instruction, that they were taught to drink ; at first, when the water was put in front of them they simply ignored it, though terribly thirsty ; then when their muzzles were stuck forcibly into it, they resisted strenuously. If the ability to lap was lost in a single generation, one cannot but speculate as to what would happen in, say, twenty generations ; would some modification take place in the construction of the tongue ? A dog's tongue is specially formed to enable it to lap easily, so if the dogs had been kept in the Antarctic Region and many successive generations reared there, each in turn slaking its thirst by eating snow, it is quite possible that the tongue would alter in some way.

Another thing that occurred during the Expedition gives some support to the foregoing supposition. Shortly after the dogs arrived in the Antarctic, they

began to moult. Coming as they did from Northern Russia, their habits were adapted to the seasons in that hemisphere, which, of course, occur at precisely the reverse times of those in the Antarctic; mid-winter in the North would be midsummer in the South, and *vice versa*. When the "Discovery" reached the Antarctic, the winter season was setting in, heralded by bitterly cold winds; and just at that time the dogs started losing their coats. For a week or two they suffered a great deal; the thick fur fell out in handfuls, and the young, downy coat beneath offered little or no protection against the biting cold. But Nature seemed to realize the mistake, and came quickly to the rescue of the wretched animals; their new coats grew at an amazing rate, and before the winter set in properly, they were fully clothed again in their normal thick woolly covering. But here is the most curious part. When the winter passed and the Antarctic spring season came *they moulted again*. What would have happened the following autumn, and subsequently, cannot be said, for by that time, alas! all the team had ceased to be.

So the months passed. The men took a great pride in doing everything for the comfort and well-being of the particular dogs under their care. Each dog was measured for his harness, and then it was sewn securely about him, and remained on permanently; it consisted of a broad chest-band, secured to a girth about the forepart of the dog's body. A good deal of trouble was experienced with the traces, for the dogs, except after a particularly

exhausting march, would never keep still for an instant; they used to leap about and turn and twist in a manner calculated to tangle the simplest harness. The habit which a dog has of turning round several times before curling up to sleep also proved most unfortunate, as the dogs slept in harness when on the march, and the tangled state of the traces in the morning can well be imagined. Added to these difficulties, the dogs had an ineradicable habit of gnawing at the traces. These troubles could be rectified only by the use of bare fingers—an unenviable job with the temperature in the neighbourhood of minus 40° . Scott experimented with various types of harness, and finally adopted one having a single trace of rope secured to the dog's harness with a hitch, and to the main trace with a toggle, whilst half way along the rope there was a swivel to counteract the constant restless twisting of the animal. Another type he tried out, but found less satisfactory, comprised a double trace of small steel-wire rope. Hitched to either side of the dog, this not only gave an equalized pull, but was impervious to the dog's teeth; it was fitted with swivels and was really a quite ingenious contrivance, and worked excellently. The drawback was, though, that the wire was liable to chafe and string out into sharp-pointed strands, which proved dangerous both to the dogs and to the men's hands.

The usual arrangement of the team was for Nigger, attached to the central trace, to march in front with one of the men, the other dogs being hitched behind

him in pairs, the laziest ones being placed nearest the sledge, and so within better reach of the driver's whip. It was found a mistake to hitch men and dogs in one team, as the dogs had a pace and manner of pulling of their own, neither of which was in harmony with the swing of a marching man.

By November everything was ready for the great venture into the far South, and on the second of the month, Scott, Shackleton and Wilson set off, and were accompanied for part of the journey by some of the other members of the Expedition. The dogs had never been in better form, and set off at a great pace, despite the heavy load behind them ; with such vigour did they start, indeed, that for the first two miles the men had to sit on the sledge to check the pace ; even so, it was as much as the rest of the party could do to keep up with them, and one by one they dropped behind, until the three adventurers were left alone, breathlessly trying to keep pace with the dogs. Unfortunately, this vim soon evaporated, and in a day or so the dogs were not nearly so keen. In due course the supporting party, which had gone on ahead, was overtaken, and then the real journey, which was to end so tragically for the dogs, started.

Altogether the journey took thirteen weeks, and although the party failed in its main objective, it succeeded in penetrating further into the unknown regions of the Antarctic than any other enterprise had, at that time ; details of the knowledge on scientific, meteorological, geographical and other matters that was gained by the trip are to be found

in Scott's own diary, also the various accounts of the journey, and so are full particulars of all the hardships endured and the obstacles overcome. It has already been made clear that Nigger and his team-mates played an important rôle in the great battle against the elements, and it is with the dogs, rather than the men and their achievement, that this story is concerned. The following two extracts from Scott's diary will, perhaps, convey some impression of the conditions under which both men and dogs had to work. The first was recorded on November 27th. "It is my turn to drive to-day. Shackleton led, Wilson pulled at the side. The whole proceedings would have been laughable enough but for the grim sickness that holds so tight a grip on our poor team. Shackleton, in front with harness slung over his shoulder, was bent forward with his whole weight on the trace ; in spite of his breathless work, now and again he would raise and half turn his head, in an effort to cheer on the team—'Hi, dogs ! Now then ! Hi ! lo-lo-lo !'—or any other string of syllables which are supposed to produce an encouraging effect, but which were soon ended by sheer want of breath. Behind him, and obviously deaf to allurements, shambled the long string of depressed animals, those in the rear doing their best to step in the deep foot-prints of the leaders, but all, by their low-carried heads and trailing tails, showing an utter weariness of life. Behind these again came myself with the whip, giving forth one long string of threats and occasionally bringing the lash down with a crack on

the snow or across the back of some laggard. By this time, all the lazy ones know their names, as well they ought. I should not like to count the number of times I have said, 'Ah, you Wolfe!' or 'Get on there, Jim!' or 'Bismarck, you brute!' but it is enough to have made me quite hoarse to-day; for each remark has to be produced in a violent manner, or else it has no effect, and things have now got so bad that if the driver ceases his flow of objurgation for a moment, there is a slackening of the traces. Some names lend themselves to this style of language better than others. Boss can be hissed out with very telling effect, whereas it is hard to make Brownie very emphatic. We dare not talk on these occasions, as the dogs detect the change of tone at once; they seize on the least excuse to stop pulling. There are six or eight animals who give little trouble, and these have been placed in front, so that the others may be immediately under the lash; but the loafers are growing rather than diminishing in numbers." So they struggled on, entreaties in front and threats behind, day after day, marching nine hours each day, and sometimes advancing only two or three miles. Can you not picture them? Shut your eyes for a moment, and perhaps you will see them in your mind's eye. There is snow everywhere; the ground is covered deep with it, and though it yields softly to the tread, it is frozen so hard that the dogs' feet are lacerated and bleeding; the air is thick with it, wreathing, twisting and whirling round the small party like a white flame; when the storm eddies

momentarily, the impenetrable curtain is lifted for a second, only to reveal a great white void. There, enveloped in this white chaos, tramps the small party of three men and nineteen dogs ; they are alone, the sole living beings in a vast land of death and eternal silence, struggling to wrest Nature's secrets from her. The men are heavily swathed in their snow-coats, gloves, helmets and goggles, and their heads are bowed against the storm ; the dogs—proud, arrogant Nigger, snub-nosed Fitzclarence, clumsy Lewis, dainty little Brownie, sly Jim, sullen Wolfe, lazy Bismarck, toothless old Grannie, little Kid tired out but undaunted, and all the rest—are sick and weary in body and heart. They are all heroes, the dogs particularly, because they have no knowledge of the why and wherefore of the great battle they are fighting. On December 10th, Scott writes in his diary : " It would be difficult to convey an idea of what marching is like under present conditions. The heel of the advanced foot is never planted beyond the toe of the other, and of this small gain with each pace, two or three inches are lost in back-slipping as the weight is brought forward. When we come to any particularly soft patch, we do little more than mark time."

The weaker members of the dog team began to sicken and grow listless in the early stages of the journey, and it seemed beyond doubt that the diet of tainted fish was at the root of the trouble. By November the 13th, matters had reached such a pitch that it was impossible to make any progress at all ;

even the stronger dogs seemed to have lost all heart, and no amount of cajolment or whipping could induce them to put forth sufficient energy to pull the sledge. So an expedient was adopted which involved a tremendous increase in the labour expended in advancing. Every mile advanced had to be covered three times. Half the load was taken off the sledge and dumped ; the party then went forward a certain distance, dumped the rest of the load, and returned for the other half. Even when the load was thus reduced by half, the dogs needed a tremendous amount of urging and encouragement to perform their work ; the only time they shook off their lethargy was at the end of the day, when the advance dump came in sight ; as soon as they saw the black dot in the distance over the white expanse, they broke into a trot and finished the last half mile with some show of their former spirit, urged forward, no doubt, by the thought of supper ; the only other thing that would break their lethargy was the odd behaviour of Spud, described earlier, who gulled them by his antics to the end.

This tedious method of progress had to be continued until December 18th ; after that date, it was possible to revert to the ordinary single journey. Having reached a certain distance, Scott established his Depot B, and rested for a few days ; thus, when they set out again, the dogs were a little rested and refreshed, and had a lighter load to pull. They pulled better for another reason, too ; by that time, it was decided, with great reluctance, to adopt the

method of feeding the animals upon each other. Scott was extremely loath to adopt this system, but it was unavoidable ; the dogs were all sickening as a result of the hard work on an inferior diet, and unless a change had been made, they would probably all have died quickly. As it was, Snatcher died on December 9th, and many of the others were growing very feeble ; six or seven of them could only just pull, five or six were able to do some steady work, and the remainder made spasmodic efforts.

A curious incident happened one day during the march. Suddenly, the silence was shattered by an explosion like the report of a revolver shot, and there followed a long drawn-out sighing sound. The dogs were terrified, and sprang forward with their tails tucked in and their heads screwed round in search of the threatened danger. Their terror was not to be wondered at, for the sounds were certainly very eerie and startling, coming suddenly in the unbroken silence. But their fears were unfounded, for the noises were caused only by the frozen snow-crust cracking under the weight of the sledge ; the weird sighing sound was caused by the whole surrounding area sinking a few inches.

Spud, in spite of his mental deficiency, perpetrated a very serious crime one night. He was found lying on the sledge with his head stuck in the open mouth of the seal meat bag ; one glance at his balloon-like appearance was sufficient to show what had happened—gnawing through his trace in the night, he had nosed out the bag and succeeded in getting it

open. Apparently, he had gorged till he could eat no more, and then quietly subsided where he was, to sleep off the effects of his ill-gotten banquet ; he had managed to tuck away nearly a week's supply of the precious meat. Although this loss was serious enough, the three men found it impossible not to laugh at the culprit's appearance ; how he had managed to swallow so much was amazing, yet though somewhat sedate and somnolent throughout the day, he appeared to suffer no particular discomfort from the enormously-increased size of his waist.

Day by day the condition of the dogs grew worse, till at last the men had to resort to the ignominious device of carrying food ahead to entice them on. Finally, the decision was reached that to save any, some would have to be sacrificed for the common good. Poor Vic was the first victim. With the change of diet, and the brief rest at Depot B, the dogs recovered a little, though they remained very weak and terribly thin. That their hearts were still loyal to their masters, in spite of the hardships imposed upon them, was demonstrated one day when the party came to a great chasm. The men went down to explore it, and the dogs all became more excited than they had been since starting the journey ; they barked furiously, and showed every sign of agitation. Doubtless, poor things, they thought they were being abandoned, for they became terribly distressed when the men suddenly vanished from sight.

On December 19th Wolfe was sacrificed ; this left

fifteen dogs, and Scott decided to concentrate on trying to save the nine best. The next day, Grannie, who had been ailing for some time, dropped in her tracks ; she was put on the sledge in the hope that she would recover, and there she breathed her last. On December 21st, Scott records in his diary : “ . . . very few of the dogs pulled, whilst Stripes and Brownie were vomiting. We tried pulling without the team, but could only just move the sledge. It is little wonder that we grow more and more sick of dog driving.” Now and again the animals showed a temporary recovery ; on the 22nd they all brightened considerably, and, raising their heads, sniffed the breeze ; as the wind was blowing from the south, it was hard to know what they were able to find in it to excite their interest, but they pulled better for the rest of the day than they had done for a long time. Although the improvement lasted several days, unfortunately it was only of a temporary nature, and when the relapse set in they rapidly went from bad to worse. Their relative strength varied a great deal. For instance, Stripes and Gus pulled next one another, and it was almost impossible to prevent Stripes leaping across and seizing Gus's food. He was exceedingly cunning about it, and waited until the men's backs were turned, then leaped over and back again all in a second. But time brought its revenge, for less than a week later, the procedure was reversed, and Gus it was who leapt over and seized Stripes' choicest morsel. Of course, these thefts were prevented whenever possible ; the dogs themselves

seemed to regard it all as part of the game, submitting resignedly enough to the old jungle law of "might is right." Gus and Stripes had always been quite good friends and the depredations which occurred at feeding time did not seem to interfere with their relations.

But the inevitable tragic end was drawing near. The dogs' recoveries became less and less frequent, their efforts to pull more and more spasmodic, and, despite the men's unceasing efforts on their behalf, they sank lower and lower. Brownie was the next to be sacrificed. "Poor little dog!" wrote Scott, after the deed was done. "His life has been very careworn of late, and it is probably a happy release." The slaughters were nearly all performed by Wilson, and Scott confesses to a moral cowardice in the matter, which can be understood readily enough, but of which he himself was heartily ashamed, because he knew perfectly well that his companions hated the whole thing just as much as he did. At first, the horrid duty was performed by Wilson because it was tactfully agreed that he would be by far the most expert; later, when Scott was perfectly capable of taking his share, it seems that he shrank from it so obviously that Wilson volunteered to do the whole thing throughout. And so it was arranged, though Scott reproached himself bitterly for allowing someone else to do his share of the dirty work.

One by one the gallant dogs either sank in their tracks, or had to be sacrificed for the common good. The following extracts from Scott's diary tell their own sad tale. December 27th: ". . . We covered

ten miles to-day. The dogs have done little, but they have all walked except Stripes, who broke down and had to be carried to the sledge ; he was quite limp when I picked him up, and his thick coat poorly hid the fact that he was nothing but skin and bones." The men themselves were also suffering acutely by now, for they had to restrain themselves to a meagre daily ration of food. During the daytime, the perspiration from their bodies froze in their clothes, rendering them as hard as boards ; their eyebrows and beards became coated with ice, and despite the fatigue of the day's march, they could get little or no sleep at night, on account of the intense cold. The sleeping-bag was frozen stiff, and they lay in it shivering, trying vainly to prevent their thoughts wandering into the inevitable channel—a longing for food, warmth and comfort. Scott records that he spent the greater part of one night thinking with remorse of a second helping of pudding he had refused on board the "Discovery" a few days before his departure.

Towards the end of the month, the party came to a great chasm which effectively debarred further progress. After vain efforts to span it, they decided to return, and on the 31st December, turned their faces North, and set out on the homeward journey. But, as far as the dogs were concerned, at any rate, it was too late : " The state of our team is now quite pitiable ; with very few exceptions they cannot pretend to pull, and at the start of the march, some have to be lifted on to their feet and held up for a

moment or so before their legs become stiff enough to support them." Spud, the mentally deficient, fell before the day was out ; his very last action was to incite the others into a trot. " Poor Spud fell in his tracks to-day ; we carried him for a long way on the sledge and then tried him once more, but he fell again, and had to be carried for the rest of the journey, tucked away in the canvas tank. Towards the end of the day's march, it has always been possible to get a semblance of spirit into the animals by saying ' Up for supper ! ' They learnt early what the words meant, and it has generally been Spud who has given the first responsive whimper. This afternoon it was most pathetic ; the cheering shout for the last half mile was raised as usual, but there was no response until, suddenly, from the interior of the sledge tank came the muffled ghost of a whimper. It was Spud's last effort ; on halting we carried him back to his place, but in an hour he was dead." Can it be wondered that the three men returned from the trip with a fixed determination never to use dogs again for long sledge journeys ? The whole team was by now in a truly lamentable condition. Gus and Bismarck were tottering, whilst Lewis and Birdie looked as though they would fail at any moment. Jim appeared to be the strongest, as he had large reserves of fat to draw upon, and had also been a great thief. Nigger, undaunted still, was something of a mystery ; although very weak, he was not reduced to nearly the same straits as the others, and was capable of putting forth surprising

efforts. By January 3rd, it was all most of the animals could do to walk. "Shackleton was ahead dragging along those who could not walk. To walk eight or nine miles a day does not seem much of a task for even a tired dog, yet it is too much for ours, and they are dropping daily. Yesterday poor Nell fell on the march, tried to rise, and fell again, looking round with the most pathetic expression. She was carried till the night, but this morning was as bad as ever, and at lunch time we put her out of her misery. This afternoon, shortly after starting, Gus fell, quite played out, and just before our halt, to our greater grief, Kid caved in. One could almost weep over the last case ; he has pulled like a Trojan throughout, and his stout little heart bore him till his legs failed beneath him and he fell never to rise again."

With the numbers so depleted it was useless to carry all the dog food which remained, so it was served out freely to the surviving animals. On January 6th a wind sail was rigged up on the sledge, and as a strong breeze was blowing, it answered its purpose quite well. The dogs were hitched on behind the sledge—a striking example of putting the cart before the horse ! During the day, Boss fell and was put on the sledge. He recovered a little during the night, but the next morning when the party set off, he turned back to the camping site and refused to follow ; later in the day he was seen following, but failed to turn up at camp at supper time. He was never seen again and must have sunk like the rest from sheer exhaustion, but with no one to give him

the last merciful quietus. The next day Birdie copied his example and stayed behind at the camp when the party set off ; he caught up with the team later in the day, though. In the evening Joe was killed. There remained only four dogs, and grieved though the men were at the loss of their staunch four-footed companions, they breathed a prayer of thankfulness that the heart-rending massacre could not continue much longer. Mercifully, the animals displayed an utter lack of comprehension about the matter. When a decree was issued against one of the poor wretches, he was led away to the rear, and the deed done as quickly and painlessly as possible. As the intended victim was led away the other dogs raised, as far as their feeble state would allow, the same chorus of barks as they used to do when they knew their food was being fetched ; in some way or other they knew that the action meant food for them. Yet the astonishing fact was that the victim himself never realized his fate ; on the contrary he followed quite willingly, wagging his tail, evidently under the impression that he was going to be taken to the place where the food came from ; nor to the last did any one of them show that he suspected in the least what his end was to be. One moment a dog would howl with joy at seeing his comrade being led to the slaughter, and the next would go the same road himself with every sign of pleasure ; of course, this had its pathetic side, but it was a comfort to the men to know definitely that the animals did not anticipate their fate. The whole business was bad enough.

The four remaining dogs—Nigger, Jim, Birdie and Lewis—managed somehow or other to keep up with the sledge. Nigger and Jim seemed moderately well, but it was obvious that Birdie and Lewis would not last long; both were terribly weak and emaciated. Sometimes one or other of the dogs would sink in the snow and rest awhile, but they never dropped far behind. Nigger, proud and loyal to the end, seemed quite lost out of harness; often he pushed up close to the traces, and marched as though he was still doing his share of the pulling.

On January 10th, Birdie collapsed, and was put on the sledge but died in the evening; Lewis followed him a day or so later. Nigger and Jim managed to keep going, but on the 14th, Scott, for mercy's sake, ordered their despatch. "It went to my heart to give the order," he writes, "but it has to be done. . . . They were taken a short distance from the camp and killed, and it was the saddest scene of all. I think we could all have wept. And so this is the last of our dog team, the finale of a tale of tragedy. I scarcely like to write of it. Through our most troublous times we always looked forward to getting some of our animals home. At first it was to have been nine, then seven, then five, and at last we thought surely we should be able to bring back these two."

But it was not to be; and so, the last two of a very gallant band of Dog Heroes were buried in the snow, and the small party of three men went their way sorrowfully.

CHAPTER XIV

MISTER JINKS

ANOTHER dog to give his life for his mistress was a mongrel called Mr. Jinks, belonging to Mrs. H. J. Whiteley, of Shongweni Rail, Natal, South Africa.

He was a most unusual-looking dog, a cross between a bulldog and a greyhound. His mother was Kid, a thoroughbred bulldog, fawn with a handsome white chest, who had been bought by Mrs. Whiteley from a neighbouring farmer ; his father was a black greyhound owned by a native, to whom the dog had been given by a European living in Durban, where the native had once been employed as a kitchen boy.

Mr. Jinks was one of a litter of six ; they were healthy young pups, but it was impossible to find homes for them all, so four had to be drowned. Of the two survivors, one sickened with fever and died, thus leaving only Mr. Jinks. His chest was heavy and wide like his mother's, but his hindquarters were slender and graceful, like those of his greyhound father ; he had, too, the latter's narrow, pointed muzzle, and large yellow eyes. His coat was black and silky, except for his paws which were splashed with white.

When he was two weeks old, his mother adopted a family of three orphan kittens. They had been left motherless at a very tender age by an unfortunate accident. The mother cat had been killed by a native who mistook her in the dusk for some dangerous wild animal moving about in the long grass. Mrs. Whiteley took the little kittens to Kid, and the bulldog, after snuffling them over, adopted them without hesitation. The kittens seemed contented enough with their strange foster-mother, and that night snuggled up against her warm flank in company with Mr. Jinks, who, though rather astounded by their arrival, accepted their presence philosophically.

The next day a native came to the bungalow carrying a whimpering baby monkey in his arms, and asked Mrs. Whiteley if she would like to have it. Its mother, he said, had been killed by his dogs; a troupe of monkeys had for some time been raiding his mealie field, causing considerable damage. In order to scare them away he had concealed himself with several dogs until the monkeys arrived, and then set the dogs on to them. They all escaped except the mother, who, hampered by the weight of the baby in her arms, fell an easy prey to the dogs. The natives are as a rule quite callous in their attitude towards animals, but apparently the sight of the poor mother trying to protect her little one when the savage dogs closed in round her, softened this one's heart, and he rescued the baby before the dogs had a chance to touch it. Having saved it, he was at a loss to know what to do with it, as the mother was killed by the

dogs. Then he remembered Mrs. Whiteley, whose reputation as an animal-lover was widely known in the district, and decided to ask her to adopt the little orphan. Naturally, she took the animal from him, but, as it was only a few days old, wondered how she was going to manage to feed it. Kid solved the problem ; the great-hearted bulldog just sniffed it over once, and then pushed it gently with her nose into the straw, with Mr. Jinks and the three kittens.

She nursed all five animals successfully, making no discrimination whatsoever in her attentions to her strangely-assorted family. The little monkey soon learned to save his young limbs fatigue by climbing on to his foster-mother's back, and riding her jockey-wise.

Mr. Jinks and the monkey had many games they played together ; one very hot morning they were playing hide-and-seek in the garden, and, becoming exhausted, threw themselves down to rest in the centre of a large bed of flowering plants. Mrs. Whiteley had devoted much care and attention to this particular bed, which contained a mass of flowers of all kinds and colours, in full bloom, so, of course, the two miscreants were justly chastized. The lesson was taken to heart, and thereafter they carefully avoided the beds when at play in the garden ; but Mr. Jinks went a step further, and refused thenceonwards even to step upon a very brightly-coloured hearthrug in the house. It was a foot-rug with a green ground and a gaily-coloured flower pattern, so apparently Mr. Jinks connected it

in his mind with his previous misdeed and the consequent punishment, because nothing would induce him to tread upon it. He had a little mat of his own, and this had to be brought and placed over the other rug before he would consent to lie down before the fire.

When he was about a year old, a most unfortunate incident occurred which cost Mr. Jinks the sight of one eye. He was out for a walk with his mistress along one of the many native footpaths which traversed the grassy slopes surrounding the homestead, when they met a native, who, stepping to one side, raised his stick over his head by way of a salute and greeting to the white woman. Mr. Jinks thought, though, that the man was going to attack his mistress, for with a savage growl he bounded at his throat. In self defence, the native brought the stick down, striking the poor dog heavily on the forehead. It was a cruel blow, and as the result of it Mr. Jinks went blind in his right eye.

A few months later the dog sickened with fever and had to be nursed day and night. The bout did not last long, but it left him very weak and during his convalescence he had his first encounter with a snake. The country around Shongweni Rail abounds with snakes, many of which are extremely venomous. The village consists of a mere handful of bungalows and a few native huts clustered round the railway station ; it lies in a bowl-like valley, shut off from the world by a ring of towering, majestic mountains and lofty, shrub-covered hills, the rocky sides of which in

many places rise sheer and are broken only by deep ravines. Originally, the railway line passed some miles north of this wild region, but in 1920 it was decided to shorten the route by driving a new line straight through the mountains ; a long tunnel was bored through the heart of the encircling mountains, and soon the long trains were snorting their way through the valley which for ages had been the undisturbed haunt of small wild animals, birds and snakes of many kinds. On this line, hidden away in a solitary spot of amazing natural splendour, just beyond the tunnel mouth, lies Shongweni Station, and the surrounding dwellings of the station staff.

Frequently, chickens, ducks, cats and even dogs disappear from the hamlet, snatched away by marauding wild animals, or swallowed by pythons. But perhaps the most common source of danger is the mamba, one of the deadliest snakes in South Africa. The Shongweni valley abounds with them, and they are the terror of the small community ; they take a terrible toll of life, accounting for numerous cattle, goats, dogs, cats and sometimes human beings. There are also a large number of cobras, another very venomous snake, in the district.

Whilst Mr. Jinks was convalescing from his attack of fever, he was put in an outhouse, where Mrs. Whiteley made him a comfortable bed. One morning, she was going out to give him his medicine, when she was horrified to see a cobra about four feet long wriggle across the yard and slide silently into the shed. She called softly to one of the native servants,

and, picking up a stick, tip-toed over to the door. Mr. Jinks, who was still very weak, was lying peacefully on his bed. The snake was wriggling silently across the floor towards him. The native servant pushed the door open and raised his stick to strike the reptile. Attracted by the movement, Mr. Jinks looked up and immediately saw the snake. Weak though he was, he staggered to his feet and, mustering all his strength, leapt from his bed and grabbed the reptile by the neck. Luckily, he managed to secure a firm grip, and shaking the snake vigorously, killed it; but the effort was a dreadful strain upon his weak system, and retarded his recovery for many weeks.

In course of time, he regained his former splendid health, and was able to accompany his mistress on her walks again, greatly to his delight. One walk of which he was particularly fond was down the steep, shrub-covered hillside to the station, across the railway line, along the track a little distance, and then down again, following a path beaten by the tramp of the naked feet of the black men, winding through clumps of gigantic kafir boom, magnificent flowering shrubs of many kinds, and clusters of plants bearing brilliant crimson and orange blossom. Far below, in the basin of the valley, the Sturks Spruit River twisted and curled, flashing silver where it caught the bright glare of the sun, and looking from the heights rather like a much enlarged edition of one of the deadly snakes which lurked in the quiet places of the beautiful valley. It is a spot of glamorous

beauty, for Nature has wielded her brush with a lavish hand, painting the scene in the brightest colours from her palette ; the purple and delicate mauve-grey of the mountain tops ; the hundred-and-one shades of green from grass and shrub and tree foliage ; the brilliant splashes of colour where the blossoms cast their faces up to the flaming sun ; the sombre greys and browns of rock-bound ravines deep in shadow ; the silver-flecked river ; and, above all, the liquid blue of the sky ; all combine to make the valley a source of continual wonder to the human beholder.

Mr. Jinks loved to go deep down into the valley with his mistress, and rollick along the banks of the river. As soon as he reached the edge, he would splash noisily into the water, and enjoy a good swim. He would quite happily spend all the hours between sunrise and sunset exploring the foreshore and backwaters. A form of recreation of which he never tired was to pat the water with his forepaw, causing bubbles to form on the surface ; these he would immediately try to grab in his mouth. The elusive character of the bubbles was ever a mystery and source of amusement to him. At other times he would scramble along the water's edge, making vain attempts to capture the numerous little frogs that leapt from sight at his approach.

It was on the morning of May 29th, 1931, that Mr. Jinks gave his life to save his mistress. Mrs. Whiteley's cousin was on a visit from Johannesburg, and wishing to see the sights of the beautiful valley,

a picnic down by the river was arranged. The party consisted of Mrs. Whiteley and her cousin, Mr. Whiteley, the platelayer's five-year-old son, Basil Palmer, Mr. Jinks, and two native porters.

Mr. Jinks, realizing they were going to visit his favourite spot, was impatient and hurried ahead. By degrees he and Mrs. Whiteley drew apart from the others. Shortly before they reached the river, a large black mamba suddenly reared itself out of the grass beside the path. Its sinuous body poised for an instant in the air, and its wicked eyes glared at Mrs. Whiteley. It was only a few feet away from her, and she stood paralyzed with terror. It was about to strike, when there was a rumbling snarl at her side, and Mr. Jinks hurled himself forward. His lips curled back as he sought to grip the snake by the neck ; he missed and they both rolled over in the grass together. Mr. Jinks scrambled to his feet and jumped at the snake again, trying to grasp its back and at the same time avoid the deadly fangs. But the snake was too quick, and they rolled over again together, a tangled, writhing grey and black mass. Suddenly the snake broke away and slithered up the trunk of a small tree so as to get above the dog and strike down at him. Nothing daunted, Mr. Jinks leapt aside and grasped it by the tail end ; with a sharp jerk he brought it to earth again and, snatching it in his mouth, shook it with all his strength. It was the end of the fight. He had found the death-grip, but even in victory he found defeat, for the snake had already bitten him twice, and, as the deadly

poison began to take effect, he sank to the ground on top of his adversary.

During the fight Mrs. Whiteley had scrambled up a bank. When the end came, she ran to her faithful dog, and gently drew him onto the grass. She could do nothing for him ; the only hope was to rush back to the house and fetch the snake-bite outfit. The poison from a mamba bite is very deadly ; usually, unless an antidote is administered immediately, it proves fatal in about twenty minutes, and sometimes it cannot be cured at all. Mrs. Whiteley called out loudly, hoping the other members of the party would hear her, but even as she called, the cry choked in her throat, strangled by the thumping of her heart. For there, a few paces away, was another snake reared up ready to strike. Evidently it was the mate of the one Mr. Jinks had killed ; subsequent measurement showed it to be over eight feet long.

Mrs. Whiteley was too terrified to run ; she simply threw her arms round her head and screamed. For the second time that morning she was saved from almost certain death. It was one of the native porters who came to the rescue this time ; hearing her agonized scream, he rushed down the path and arrived in the nick of time. He was carrying a stick and with one well-aimed blow struck the mamba down, killing it instantly.

In response to the commotion, the rest of the party hurried to the scene, and one of the natives was sent post-haste back to the house to fetch the snake-bite outfit. There was but small hope that he would be

able to return in time to save Mr. Jinks' life, but it was the only thing that could be done. Though he raced up the hillside and back down again with the antidote as fast as his sturdy black legs could carry him, his efforts were in vain, for Mr. Jinks had breathed his last by that time.

Later, Mr. and Mrs. Whiteley, their hearts heavy with grief, buried him at the spot he loved so much, amongst the kafir boom and flowering shrubs on the banks of the Sturks Spruit River.

CHUM.

A jolly little Sealyham who just loves acting.

ROVER.

A plucky little black-and-tan mongrel.

CHAPTER XV

TEDDY

TEDDY comes of a stock renowned for its sagacity and ability to handle other animals. Everyone knows of the wonderful way in which the collie performs his work—how he can drive a large flock of wayward sheep through a busy thoroughfare, how he can pick out and separate from the rest two or three particular sheep, and drive them into a small pen, or go out and fetch the cows at milking time and perform a dozen-and-one other jobs about the farm. Farmers who have kept collies all their lives say that the dogs need little or no training for their work—the ability to perform it is born in them, and all they need is experience to bring it out.

Teddy lives at Pentre Farm, Dinas Cross, Pembrokeshire, and is the property of Mr. W. Thomas. Mr. Thomas bought the pup when he was only a month old, and he certainly has had no cause since to regret his purchase. Teddy's coat is a handsome rich brown, set off by a little black-and-white marking about the head and neck. When he was quite young, though, his coat was entirely brown and very thick and bushy ; being an exceedingly plump little puppy, he looked just like a small Teddy Bear. It was this resemblance that gave him his name.

He soon grew into a strong and healthy dog, living happily and enjoying every minute of his active out-of-doors life on the farm. He made friends with the kitchen cat, and when she had a litter of kittens, spent a considerable part of his time playing with them and keeping them amused. He is of a very affectionate nature, and soon became a general favourite, both at the farm, and with the people living round about.

All times are busy times on a farm, but perhaps one of the busiest periods during the year is when the hay is being got up. To retain the full amount of goodness and nourishment in the hay, the grass must be cut at just the right time, when it has reached its full growth, but before it starts seeding. Then, the farmer once having started to mow his grass, he must get it dried and stacked as quickly as possible before any rain falls and spoils it. In July, 1930, Mr. Thomas, and his uncle, who lives with him, were busily engaged all day on this work. Teddy often accompanies them at their work about the farm, but on this particular day, the 15th of the month, he was left at the farmhouse in company with Mr. Thomas's cousin, Miss Thomas. Everybody else was at work in the hayfields, so Miss Thomas undertook, in addition to her household duties, to feed the fowls and the pigs. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, she took her buckets and went out into the yard. In the pigsty there was a big sow with a litter of young pigs. Miss Thomas fed them, and then opened the door of the sty to let the sow join her young ones again.

Sows often become very aggressive when they have young ones to protect, and this one was particularly vicious. Squeezing through the gate, it rushed fiercely at Miss Thomas and savagely attacked her. The unfortunate woman was taken completely by surprise, and was knocked to the ground. She tried to rise and protect herself, but the infuriated animal turned on her again, and, seizing her leg in its snout, gnashed it open. She saw the mad sow preparing to rush at her again, and tried ineffectively to rise. At that moment a lithe brown form shot, like an arrow from the bow, through the gateway. It was Teddy; hearing the commotion, he flew to the rescue, and caught hold of the sow by one ear, dragging her away from the prostrate woman, who managed to crawl away towards the cowshed. The sow, mad now with fury, turned her attention to Teddy, and a terrible fight ensued. Mr. Thomas, senior, returning to the farm just then, found the pair of them struggling fiercely, and his daughter crawling along painfully on the ground towards the cowshed. After assisting his daughter to the house, he tried to separate Teddy and the sow, but it was nearly a quarter of an hour before he could do so. When they were eventually parted, it was found that Teddy was none the worse for the encounter, but the sow had fared badly. One of her ears had been torn almost off in the struggle.

Miss Thomas was laid up for over a fortnight with her injured leg, and had to have a doctor in attendance daily. One does not care to think what her fate

would have been but for the intervention of Teddy. Throughout the time she was confined to her bed after the incident, he went up to her room every morning. First poking his head round the door to make sure that she was still confined to her bed, he then used to trot across to her, wagging his tail. After greetings had been exchanged, he would lie down quietly at the bedside and keep her company. They were good friends before the incident occurred, but now they are inseparable. "I would not part with Teddy for anything in the world," declares Miss Thomas, and one can readily believe it is no idle boast.

Teddy has appeared in public several times with the other Brave Dogs, and gains much admiration on account of his handsome coat and beautiful brown eyes. He has learned to shake hands and will do so with any of the visitors. As a result, he has exchanged greetings in this way with many hundreds of people.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOGS OF THE HOSPICE OF GRAND ST. BERNARD

SIR WALTER SCOTT once said that he would believe anything of a St. Bernard dog. Indeed, if all the stories the monks tell of them are true—and most are well authenticated—the dogs stand in a class apart. Their history is surrounded by a halo of romance ; the stories related about them, their picturesque and dignified appearance, their noble bearing and benevolent expression, their natural aptitude for life-saving, and their long association with the monks, have endowed them with the title “ holy breed,” as though belonging to a grander group than other varieties of the canine race.

The Hospice of St. Bernard was founded by Bernard de Menthon in 962 A.D. and was served by the monks of the order of St. Augustine, whose duty was to succour travellers in distress. In those days, travellers between Switzerland and Italy were obliged to go on foot through the Great St. Bernard Pass. Mount St. Bernard rises to some 8,000 feet above sea level, and many a weary traveller, caught by a blinding snowstorm, lost his way and lay down to sleep, never to wake again. When the blizzards raged most fiercely, the worthy monks of St. Bernard

set out upon their fearful duty, unawed by the storm and obeying a higher Power, to seek exhausted or overwhelmed travellers, accompanied by their dogs, whose assistance in detecting victims buried beneath deep snowdrifts was invaluable. The dogs also, as if conscious of a higher duty, would roam alone through day and night in those desolate mountain passes and if they discovered an exhausted traveller, would lie across him to impart warmth, and bark and howl for assistance.

A portrait of the founder of the Hospice which hangs over the mantelpiece in the refectory, shows him accompanied by a dog of a type whose ancestors came from the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, but it is very doubtful whether it was from these dogs that the breed which later came to be known by the name of the Hospice descended. The origin of the breed, indeed, is rather shrouded in mystery, and moreover, the original St. Bernard stock, differs considerably from many of the dogs that pass by that name to-day. Breeding for show purposes has changed the characteristics of the dog, in some ways not for the good ; in-breeding by people who had only the commercial value of the litters in mind, has resulted in many of the ungainly creatures which one sees to-day with cow hocks and hollow backs, devoid of all the strength and dignity of bearing so marked in their ancestors.

The dogs were first introduced into England in the middle of the nineteenth century by Albert Smith, a celebrated traveller, who brought a pair over and

introduced them onto public platforms for illustration when giving his lectures. The animals aroused widespread interest, and both travellers and dogs appeared before Queen Victoria. Later, when dog shows became well established, a class was given to the St. Bernard. Their noble appearance and romantic history captured the public imagination and the best animals in Switzerland that money could buy were brought over to England. The popularity of the dogs spread to America, and soon specimens were finding purchasers at four figures. The inevitable followed. The high commercial value of the dogs attracted the cupidity of unscrupulous breeders. The status of the owners of the breed deteriorated in consequence, and the dogs of saintly name and heroic deeds were to be found chained in the slums of a town, or backyard of a village.

Popular fancy demanded larger, and still larger specimens ; dogs of the original stock weighed about 140 lbs., many show specimens were bred which turned the scale at over 200 lbs. This unnatural forcing produced defective hocks, crooked legs, and other deformities, size and bone being obtained at the expense of physical beauty and activity. Later, a mastiff-like head with abnormal depth of lip, became the rage, thus losing the benevolent expression so characteristic of the breed.

The dogs kept at the Hospice in the early days were short-haired, with an exceptionally broad chest and massive head. In 1830, the monks, who found that the stock was inclined to deteriorate, introduced

fresh blood by means of cross-breeding with long-haired Newfoundland females, which were recognized as the strongest and most suitable dogs. Experiments were also made with crossing the St. Bernards with German and Danish dogs, but with less success.

It is said of the St. Bernard that if a puppy is placed on the snow for the first time, it will, of its own accord, begin to scratch and sniff about as if searching for something. They are trained from early puppyhood in their duties, dummy figures being used to instruct them in first aid; when they are fully qualified, they are sent out in pairs during heavy snowstorms in search of travellers. In this way they pass over a great extent of country, and by the acuteness of their scent discover if anyone is buried in a snowdrift. They wear spiked collars to protect them from wolves, and carry fastened to the neck a small container holding food and stimulant.

Probably the most celebrated of these dogs was one named Barry, who was instrumental in saving altogether forty-three lives. As a rule, the St. Bernards are not long-lived, their arduous duties placing a considerable strain upon their strength; generally ten years is their utmost span. Barry, however, served the Hospice faithfully for twelve years. Whenever the mountains were enveloped in fog or snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He used to run barking until he lost breath, and would frequently venture on the most perilous places. When he found his strength insufficient to draw from the

snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run barking back to the Hospice in search of the monks.

One day he found a child in a frozen state between the Bridge of Drouaz and the Icehouse of Balsora. He immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation and the perfect recovery of the boy by means of his caresses, he induced the child to tie himself round his body. In this way the pair returned in triumph to the Hospice. When old age deprived him of his strength, the monks pensioned him at Berne by way of reward. He lived there happily for some years and when he eventually died, his stuffed body was given a place of honour in the Berne Museum, where he can be seen to-day still wearing the little barrel containing the reviving liquor and a medal presented to him in token of his gallantry.

In some accounts a quite different version of his ultimate end is given. It is said that the monks pensioned him off at the Hospice, and that one day in the winter of 1815, when a terrible storm was raging, the old dog became very restless, and displayed such eagerness to go forth that the monks let him go. The story continues that the dog came upon the tracks of an unfortunate militiaman who, having lost his way, was lying asleep in a snowdrift. Barry licked his face, warmed him and roused him ; but the poor fellow, dazed with misery, did not understand that help had come to him in his extremity, and mistook the St. Bernard for a wolf. Gripping

his sword in his frozen hand, he plunged it into Barry's heart. The pair were found next morning by the grief-stricken monks, who had the gallant dog's body stuffed, and sent it to the Natural History Museum at Berne.

This story, however, must refer to some other dog, for there is no doubt but that Barry was sent to Berne *alive* in 1815.

Yet another account says that Barry met his death in an avalanche, and gives the date as 1816. According to this version, a Piedmontese courier arrived at the Hospice on a very stormy day, labouring to make his way to the village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountains, where his wife and children lived. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, one being the celebrated Barry. They set forth on their way down the mountain. In the meantime the anxious family of the poor courier, alarmed at his long absence, commenced the ascent of the mountain in hopes of meeting him or obtaining some information about him. Thus at the moment that he and his guides were descending, his family were toiling up the icy steep, crowned with the snows of ages. A sudden crackling noise was heard, and then a thundering roar echoing through the Alpine heights—and all was still. Courier, and guides, and dogs, and the courier's family were at the same moment overwhelmed by one common destruction—not one escaped. Two avalanches had

broken away from the mountain pinnacles, and swept with impetuous force into the valley below.

It is quite probable that these different versions refer to other dogs ; it is more than likely that the monks named several dogs after Barry, on account of his splendid record.

Some curious stories are related by the monks, and these seem to indicate that the dogs are endowed with a presentiment of danger which it is difficult for us to comprehend. There are records of two or three occasions on which the dog actually prevented the monks from returning to the convent by the usual route, when it afterwards turned out that, if they had not followed the guidance of the dog in his deviation, they would have been overwhelmed by an avalanche.

It is certain that some animals do possess a very acute intuitive foreboding of danger. There is one instance of a dog having, by his peculiar behaviour, induced his mistress to leave a washhouse in which she was at work, the roof of which fell in almost immediately afterwards. Elephants, too, are reputed to possess this faculty.

Until comparatively recent years, the passage of time had changed the monastery but little : it stood, much as it did nine hundred years ago, on a gigantic eminence, with clouds rolling at its feet, and encompassed only by beds of ice and snow. The approach for the last half hour of the ascent was steep and difficult. The building itself was not seen until the traveller arrived within a few hundred yards of it, when it broke upon the view all at once, at a turn

in the rock. As likely as not, one of the celebrated dogs would be seen standing upon a projecting crag, baying at the advancing traveller.

Nowadays, a road has been built, and modern means of transport have eliminated much of the hazard of the journey through the Great St. Bernard Pass; even so, the dogs are still frequently called upon to succour those in distress, and guide the monks on their errands.

Tulohi Nath Kachow

1st/₂ year.

S.P. College

Srinagar -

Lachar

Tulohi Nath Kachow 840

1st/₂ year

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CHAPTER XVII

BONZO OF OXFORD AND BONZO OF BUXTON

FASHIONS in dogs' names, like fashions in children's names, undergo change. Where are the Fidos, the Trusts, Flossies, Gyps, Dollies and Dinahs of yesteryear?

In recent years, that delightful animal, Bonzo, born of a caricaturist's brain, captured the public imagination, with the result that hundreds of similarly-named dogs—real, live ones—came into being. Two dogs of that name have won the 'VC' Collar. One is Bonzo of Oxford, a spaniel owned by Mr. R. J. A. Weston, and the other, Bonzo of Buxton, a sheepdog of mixed antecedents, owned by Mr. G. Mycock.

* * * *

Bonzo of Oxford is a great lover of children. A happy snapshot of him with the baby friend taken shortly after he had saved the latter's life, reveals his character more vividly than any word-picture could.

He was born on September 1st, 1927, at Marston Farm, near Oxford. His parents were Mick, a Springer spaniel, and Toby, a Cocker, both pedigree dogs. Bonzo was one of a family of eight, and all his brothers and sisters were sent out to work either on neighbouring farms, or as gun dogs, at an early age.

Bonzo, the handsome boy of the family, was sold as a pet to a friend of his breeder. The purchaser, proud of his acquisition, hurried home, only to meet with a bitter disappointment. His wife, unfortunately, was one of those peculiarly-minded people who have an active dislike for dogs. She refused point blank to allow the plump little eight-weeks-old puppy to become a member of the household. A great deal of argument raged over the fate of the young dog, who, however, was, naturally, quite unconscious of the domestic rift he was causing, and busily explored the new world in which he found himself. As of old, Eve won the day, and a new home was sought for the pup.

Through the agency of a third party, he eventually reached his present owner, Mr. R. J. A. Weston, of Highfield, Oxford.

The greater part of Bonzo's puppyhood was spent sleeping in a corner of the kitchen. When he was awake, however, he took pains to make the fact known, and was seldom out of mischief. He possessed, to a pronounced degree, the characteristic puppy-love for slippers, and once actually devoured a whole slipper, one of a new pair. It seems that Nature had endowed him with a strong digestive organism, for no ill-effects resulted.

In his early days he experienced great difficulty with his ears, which, as the reader will observe from the photograph, are exceptionally long. He soon learned to climb upstairs, to explore the upper regions, but every attempt to descend proved

disastrous. Treading on his own ears, he would trip up, and complete the descent in a series of perilous bumps. Nothing daunted, he would pick himself up and try the experiment again. Even to-day he is by no means safe when descending the stairs, but as his body has lost its youthful elasticity, he usually takes considerable care.

He performed his brave deed in May, 1929. Mr. Weston's sister had placed her baby boy on the rug in front of the fire. For the purpose of airing some of the child's clothes, a temporary line was strung in front of the fire. Somehow or other, either through scorching or by a spark, some of the clothes caught alight and fell on the child. Bonzo quietly trotted over to the child, took the burning clothes in his mouth and pulled them gently away to a clear part of the floor. He then pulled the child away from the fire, and started to lick its face; he was found thus employed when Mrs. Weston returned to the room. The child was unharmed, but Bonzo's mouth was severely blistered, and his whiskers and the hair on his nose singed short.

Several other pets are included in the household, but Bonzo reigns supreme. Some of the duties he takes upon himself to preserve order are quite amusing. He prevents other dogs from attacking the family cat, but in turn prevents the cat from attacking wild birds. On several occasions, when the cat has managed to catch one, whilst his back was turned, he has, by some means best known to himself, insisted upon her delivering the poor feathered

M.D. Miau

MOSS.

A clever Collie Sheepdog and the only dog to receive a double award for heroism under the *Daily Mirror* League of Kindness to Animals Scheme.

H. De Wam

BONZO OF OXFORD.

A brave Spaniel and a great lover of children.

M. Howard

creature over to him, and has then carried it very gently in his mouth to one of the human members of the household. Several of the birds have subsequently revived, and been liberated. A goldfish in a bowl has proved a sore temptation to the cat also, and Bonzo has actually been seen to cuff her with his paw when she was trying her skill at fishing. He likewise protects some rabbits, ducks and chickens from marauding cats. It would seem as though he is a confirmed pacifist, but, actually, he is an expert fighter, and will tackle any dog who trespasses on his property.

Before passing to the story of Bonzo of Buxton, here is a rather pleasing little story about a spaniel, which illustrates this sense of law and order and kinship with other animals, qualities which seem to be characteristic of the breed. It is related by Mr. Blaine, and the incident occurred in the early part of the nineteenth century. "I was once called from dinner in a hurry to attend to something that had occurred; unintentionally, I left a favourite cat in the room, together with a no-less favourite spaniel. When I returned, I found the latter, which was not a small figure, extending her whole length along the table by the side of a leg of mutton which I had left. On my entrance, she showed no signs of fear, nor did she immediately alter her position. I was sure, therefore, that none but a good motive had placed her in this extraordinary situation, nor had I long to conjecture. Puss. was skulking in a corner, and though the mutton was untouched, yet her conscious

fears clearly evinced that she had been driven from the table in the act of attempting a robbery on the meat, to which she was too prone, and that her situation had been occupied by this faithful spaniel to prevent a repetition of the attempt. Here was fidelity united with great intellect, and wholly free from the aid of instinct. This property of guarding victuals from the cat, or from other dogs, was a daily practice of this animal; and, while cooking was going forward, the floor might have been strewn with eatables, which would all have been safe from her own touch, and as carefully guarded from that of others. A similar property is common to many dogs, but to spaniels particularly."

* * * *

Bonzo of Buxton is a large, strong-limbed dog with a curly, black-and-tan coat. The breed of his father is unknown, but his mother was a shepherd dog belonging to Mr. G. Mycock, of Ark Farm, Fairfield, near Buxton. On the 27th August, 1934, Mr. Mycock, accompanied by Bonzo, went out as usual to fetch the cows in for milking. The dog followed its usual custom and ran on ahead to round up the cattle. In the same field there were two young bulls, both aged about one and a half years, which had been bred on the farm and had hitherto showed no signs of ill temper.

On this particular afternoon, however, Mr. Mycock 'shooed' one of them out of the way, and apparently the young bull resented it, for it suddenly turned upon him and knocked him down. He managed to

scramble to his feet, but the bull, properly infuriated now, rushed at him again and sent him sprawling to the ground with a wicked thrust of his horns. It then knelt upon the prostrate man, and started goring him. Bonzo was at the far side of the field, but on seeing his master's predicament, wasted no time in dashing to his rescue. Racing across the field as fast as his sturdy legs could carry him, he flew at the bull and sunk his teeth into its hind-quarters. The bull turned to meet this furious and unexpected onslaught ; undaunted, Bonzo backed and snapped at its face and gradually drove it backwards, away from his still prostrate master, who was by now unconscious. The dog managed to pin the bull in a corner of the field, and held it there, stamping and snorting with impotent rage, until Mr. Mycock recovered sufficiently to raise himself on his hands and knees and crawl away.

He reached the farmhouse, and whilst his injuries were being attended to, was joined by the faithful Bonzo. Some cattle dealers were telephoned to come and fetch the bulls away, as after the attack it was unwise to keep them. When they arrived, it took eight men to get the angry bull into the cattle truck, and one man was slightly injured during the process.

Bonzo was born on Christmas Day, 1928. He regularly every morning carries a can of milk to the village and delivers it at the house where his master's little granddaughter lives ; the child and he are great friends, and he will deliver the milk can to no one else.

CHAPTER XVIII

MOSS

ANOTHER collie who has won fame by his bravery is Moss, owned by Mr. Cledwyn Morgan, of Ystradgynlais, South Wales.

Moss is a smaller type of dog than Teddy ; he is a good specimen of the old-type working collie—in appearance a very different animal from the present-day show collie. Until 1860, collies were bred exclusively for working purposes, and were seen only in the company of a shepherd. From time immemorial, they had been used by the shepherds in the Highlands of Scotland, the Welsh mountains, and in the North of England, to assist them in their work of tending sheep. Then Queen Victoria, who from her girlhood upward was devoted to dogs, became attracted by the beauty and cleverness of this breed, and acquired a splendid specimen. The Royal patronage immediately focused public attention upon the breed, and in a short space of time the collie held sway as the most popular dog in the country. Queen Victoria herself owned a number in subsequent years, perhaps the most notable of which were : Lily, a white collie who often accompanied her on her travels ; and Sharp, who was privileged to sit at her side during meals, and who gained a wide reputation

on account of his arrogant attitude toward all the servants of the Royal household.

As the popularity of the shepherd's dog as a pet grew, a great number of breeders installed collies in their kennels, and devoted their attention to crossing various strains with a view to improving the appearance of the dog. For some years the collie set the pace in canine fashion. Then disaster overtook him. He became suspect of treachery. On every hand reports flowed freely of collies who had bitten without provocation, collies who had attacked their owners, and collies who had committed every other sin of which a dog is capable. Almost exactly the same thing happened in recent years with the Alsatian. Some people are apt to forget that if you take a working dog away from his natural environment and occupation, and impose upon him the restrictions and trials of an urban life, his character will not always be strong enough to stand the radical change. Add to this the highly-strung nerves invariably produced by in-breeding, and the results will be disastrous. Both collies and Alsatis are primarily shepherd dogs. It is, indeed, a questionable benefit for any breed of dog to become 'fashionable.'

Few creatures could be better equipped physically for their job than the old type working collie. Nature has endowed him with a double, weather-resisting coat—a long, dense outer garment, beneath which lies a soft, furry, warm undervest. Rarely, if ever, will either wind or rain penetrate to his skin. Nature has given him, too, ears specially adapted to catch

distant sounds—semi-erect, slightly brought forward, with the tips drooping, forming veritable ‘sound-traps’ to pick up far-away sounds, such as a whistled order from his master. His eyes, too, are exceedingly alert and long-sighted, whilst his body is built on lines of strength, activity and grace.

The winter months, when rain and mist have to be faced day and night on the wind-swept mountain slopes, are the busiest and hardest for the working collie. At such times he is worth half-a-dozen men assistants to the shepherd. His knowledge of sheep and their wayward, foolish tricks, is second only to that of his master. A shrill whistle blown between the shepherd’s fingers, will send him circling wide round the scattered flock to carry out some manœuvre which would be difficult for an uninitiated person to divine until it is accomplished ; another shrill call from his master, and he will stop dead in his stride, and crouch, waiting further orders. And when snow comes, as it often does, swirling round the mountain tops and piling in deep, treacherous drifts in the valleys, then, indeed, does the shepherd dog prove his worth.

Townsfolk seldom get the chance to watch a first-class sheepdog at his work. Sometimes, when motor-ing along a quiet country lane, one may happen upon a flock of sheep market-bound, and, dismayed by the dense mass of jostling beasts, pull the car to a halt. But in a few moments a lithe grey form will appear as from nowhere, barking, coaxing, hustling, shouldering, and circling, until the miraculous happens, and

a lane opens up in the wall of white, woolly backs. It is not, though, for the motorist's benefit that he does this ; the safety of his charges is his only consideration. His duty—his first duty, and always his first—is to his sheep.

In recent years, a system of National Sheepdog Trials has been inaugurated in England, Scotland and Wales. At these meetings all but the very best dogs are eliminated, and teams of twelve are selected to represent the respective countries at an International Trial, which is usually staged early in September. This Trial lasts three days, and for competitors and spectators alike, they are days packed with thrills and excitement. From all over the kingdom, weather-beaten shepherd kings and their faithful four-footed allies gather to compete for the Championship title. The International is held at a different centre every year, and nobody who has the opportunity should miss seeing it.

The sagacity of these sheepdogs is truly amazing. It has been claimed of some dogs that they can identify one of their own sheep amongst a flock of hundreds of others ; that they will pick out and separate from the flock designated sheep ; and even that they can count, and know when one of the flock has strayed. A well-authenticated story substantiating the last claim relates to a collie named Shep, owned by a certain Mr. David Pierce, of Heosho, Missouri. Shep's daily task was to care for the flock of about one hundred sheep owned by Mr. Pierce. Every morning the dog drove the sheep from the

corral along a lane for half a mile to the woods, where he kept them until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he would round them up and start them home. When they reached the mouth of the lane, Shep would make his way through the flock, and going to the corral gate, would bark and wait for someone to come and open it. Then he would take his stand just inside the gate, and as the sheep passed into the corral he made sure that they were all there.

Two Kansas men were in Mr. Pierce's neighbourhood one day, buying sheep. Hearing about this dog they went to Mr. Pierce, to try the animal, and to buy him, if he were able to 'make good.' "It is just about the hour for Shep to bring the sheep home," said Mr. Pierce, "and the best test is the dog himself. When Shep leaves the sheep and comes to the gate for someone to open it, you catch one of the sheep near the mouth of the lane, take it down in the woods, and hide it, and we will see what Shep will do. I really don't know because I have never tested him." The sheep was caught and tied in the woods, and the gate was kept closed until the Kansas men got back. Then it was opened; Shep took his stand inside as usual, and the sheep went into the corral. But no sooner had the last sheep passed into the enclosure, then Shep gave unmistakable signs that something was wrong. He sprang into the lane, looked in every direction, ran back into the corral, and looked the flock over more carefully; then out into the lane again, and down towards the woods he ran as fast as his anxious feet could carry

him. Finding the trail of the men, he tracked them to the lost sheep.

Two hundred dollars was offered by the Kansas men for Shep, but Mr. Pierce informed them that he would almost as soon part with one of his children.*

But to return to Moss of Ystradgynlais. He was given to Mr. Morgan by a neighbouring farmer. Not only is he a very clever sheepdog, but he has the distinction of being the only dog to receive a double award for heroism under the *Daily Mirror* League of Kindness to Animals scheme. In addition to the 'VC' collar, he has been awarded another special collar with a silver and enamel bar.

He performed his first brave deed in April, 1930. Mr. Morgan's eldest son, George, and a ten-year-old friend named Gestyn Jones, went out for a morning's ramble and Moss accompanied them. The boys amused themselves for several hours along the banks of the River Tawe, and then went on to a favourite spot by a very deep pool called Llyu-Du. The water in the pool was very deep, and the descent to its edge almost perpendicular, and very rough and stony. The two youngsters clambered down, but Moss decided to stay in the field above, and whilst the boys were playing at the pool, he amused himself by rolling and snuffling in the grass.

Gestyn Jones had clambered along a narrow ledge overhanging the pool, when his foot slipped and he fell with a loud splash into the water. His friend

* This account was first recorded in "Our Dumb Animals," the organ of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and is included here by kind permission of the Editor.

George shouted in alarm, and hurried to the spot to try and help him. He could not reach Gestyn, so he shouted loudly for help to some other boys who were playing at another pool a little lower down the river. In response to his urgent cries they rushed to the spot; Gestyn, who could not swim, was meanwhile struggling vainly to reach the bank. Just as the boys reached the spot, a small dark figure flashed over their heads and splashed into the water beside the struggling boy. It was Moss who, attracted by the cries, had leaped to the rescue from the top of the bank. The dog caught hold of the boy's jersey and managed to drag him by degrees toward the land. Despite the boy's struggles, he succeeded in drawing him within reach of his friends, who quickly pulled him to safety. A farm hand working in a nearby field heard the commotion and went over to see what was the matter. He applied artificial respiration to the half-drowned lad, and sent some of the other boys to call medical aid. Moss meanwhile jumped into the water again and fetched the boy's cap out.

Moss performed his second brave deed about a year after the incident at Llyu-Du pool. Mr. Morgan, on one of his visits to market, purchased a large sow. It was an exceptionally big and powerful animal, and seemed to possess an extremely vicious nature. It was brought home to the farm without mishap, though, and put in a sty by itself. Mr. Morgan warned his family not to go near it, and all went well for several days. Then Mrs. Morgan went out to

feed it as usual one afternoon. Somehow or other the latch of the sty gate became unfastened ; the great beast pushed its way out, and rushed savagely at Mrs. Morgan. Luckily for her, Moss was near at hand. In a flash he leapt at the sow, and fastened his teeth into its snout. The creature was not in the least expecting such a violent attack, and retreated rapidly into the sty. The incident was all over in a few moments, but the woman would indeed have fared badly had she been alone.

Moss is a very quiet, good-natured dog ; he spends most of his life happily at work about the farm, and after the day's labours are done, he places himself at the disposal of his master's children. Once, the youngest son of the house, then aged three, was playing about on the floor and going over to the fire, stepped inside the hearth. Moss, who was lying beneath the table, quietly got up and went between the fire and the child, gently pushing him away from danger.

The dog is a cross between a Welsh and a Scotch collie ; he has a thick, long coat of a rich, dark brown hue, and beautiful brown eyes in which can be discerned the unfathomable wisdom and steady self-reliance characteristic of his breed.

CHAPTER XIX

FLUFFY

IT is discomfoting to think how near tragedy is to every one of us, how silently and swiftly it can descend, turning our joys to sorrow. One slight incident, too trivial and everyday to excite comment at the time, will, within the space of a few short hours, convert a life which was filled only with sunshine, happiness and love, to one of desolation, having little comfort other than that afforded by memories of happier times, a comfort that is soured by remorse.

Bereavement of a loved one is heartrending in any circumstances, but when the separation occurs suddenly and as the result of some incident it would have been possible to avert, then the mental anguish experienced approaches near to the limit that the human heart can endure. The stories of how two of the *Daily Mirror* Brave Dogs won their Collars make very sad reading. Both stories tell how, by a tragic sequence of events, a young, healthy child was taken from its parents. One child was two years old, the other four. Such tragic stories as these would, perhaps, be better left untold were it not for the fact that in both cases devoted, albeit vain, attempts were made by the child's dog pal to avert

the tragedy. The dogs concerned are Fluffy, a little cross-bred spaniel belonging to Mrs. W. E. Ford, of Luxborough, Somerset, and Rampty Tan, an Alsatian owned by Mr. G. Main, of Swansea, Ontario, Canada.

* * * *

It is certain that every reader will sympathize with Mrs. Ford in the loss of her two-year-old son, although, perhaps, only those who have themselves experienced the supreme joy of motherhood, can realize fully the terrible sorrow and poignant remorse she experienced. Unfortunately, Fluffy was not able to avert the unhappy event, but she did her best, and her efforts have accordingly been recognized. The tragedy occurred on the 3rd April, 1930. Mrs. Ford was at home alone except for her family—John, and his young sister aged ten months—and Fluffy, her husband having gone to market. All went well until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when Mrs. Ford went out to feed some chickens belonging to her brother, who owned a field quite close by; he lived in Minehead and was not always able to get away to attend to his fowls, so Mrs. Ford had promised to feed them on the days he did not come himself. She decided to take John with her, as he had been indoors all the morning and was getting a little restive; usually he was able to be out and about the garden, but on this particular morning the rain had kept him confined within the house. She put his hat and coat on, and, hand in hand, they went down the lane to the field, leaving the baby

in the pram. It had ceased raining, but the wind was blowing lustily over the bare hillside. Hill House, the Fords' home, is in a lonely, exposed position, surrounded by several hundred acres of heather and fern-clad hillslopes.

Having fed the chickens, mother and son turned for home. John, his young spirits pent up by the inactive morning he had been forced to spend, wanted to dawdle about, but his mother hurried him along, for there was the baby to attend to, and household duties to be done. The boy tried his best to delay the return journey, and when they eventually reached the house again, asked if he might stay out for a little while. His mother refused, as it was no sort of a day for a youngster to play about out of doors, with the ground all muddy and the grass soaking wet. But John was insistent; he begged to be allowed just to go round to see their own fowls, which were kept at the back of the house. So, against her better judgment, Mrs. Ford said he might—"But only for a minute, mind, John; you must come straight in then." Alas! Had she but known what was to happen.

Fluffy was out with them and went with the boy. Mrs. Ford went inside and fed the baby who had wakened in her absence. Ten minutes passed, and John had not come in, so she went out to fetch him. Neither he nor Fluffy were to be seen anywhere. She hurried round to the back, but there was no movement or sound, other than the fowls pecking and scratching amongst the puddles in their run,

and the moan of the wind as it swept over the lonely hillside. She called loudly, but there was no answer ; she looked in all the fowlhouses, in the sheds, everywhere. Then she hurried round to the front of the house, and, as she had half-feared, saw that the garden gate, which she always took care to fasten, was standing wide open. She ran up the path calling her son's name ; the lane was deserted and neither boy nor dog was in sight anywhere. For a moment or two she was undecided which way to look for them ; then it occurred to her that John had probably gone back to the field where her brother's chickens were kept. She rushed down the lane to the field as fast as she could, but there again could see no sign of the straying pair. Loud and long she shouted for her son, but there was no response ; to search far beyond the field was hopeless, as the country opened out into bare, steeply sloping hillsides, over which it would have been possible for the boy to wander for miles in any direction, there being no gates or hedges to stop him.

Mrs. Ford was thoroughly alarmed by now, and hastened back to the house, hoping against hope that John had returned during her absence ; but the hope proved vain. She tried hard to console herself by thinking that he would return at any moment, but her mind flew to a dozen-and-one possible mishaps that might have befallen him. He might have tumbled into a ditch, and been unable to clamber out again ; perhaps he had lost himself on the hillside ; or he might be lying unconscious

somewhere close at hand, after falling and knocking his head.

Her difficulties were further increased by the fact that she was afraid to leave the baby alone for long. Eventually, she put the baby into the pram, and took it with her down the road. She went some way, but saw no trace of her missing boy, so returned and took another road leading towards Dunster. Presently, she met a neighbour, and told him what had happened. He tried to re-assure her by saying the boy could not have strayed far, so she went on with her search. Failing again to find him, she turned back, buoying her sinking heart once again with the thought that he was probably safe and sound within the kitchen, having returned during her absence. For the third time, her hopes proved ill founded. She continued her search round about the house, and about four o'clock set off down the road again. She had gone about a quarter of a mile, when she met two neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Heeds, returning in their gig from market. Rapidly the distracted woman blurted out her tale of woe, and Mr. Heeds immediately set off across the fields to search for the boy. At about half-past five, Mr. Ford returned home, and a search party was organized. As darkness closed down over the bleak hills, the small party set out, working the country fanwise. Later, as the word spread, many more farmers and their labourers from all round joined in the search, some on horseback, others walking. Many carried lanterns and gas-lamps, and the pin-pricks of light could be

seen moving, like will-o'-the-wisps, far over the hillside. Later, their difficulties were increased by the return of the rain ; it poured down in a deluge, and the wind strengthened to a gale, lashing the rain into the searchers' faces and continually blowing their lanterns out.

The search continued fruitlessly throughout the night. What must the mother's thoughts have been during those long, painful hours of suspense, waiting helplessly at the house, unable to do anything but listen to the wild song of the storm raging without ? In the early hours of the morning, the wind dropped, and a thick blanket of fog descended and clung over the hills, blinding the searchers so that they themselves had difficulty in keeping their bearings.

At five in the morning, they found the little boy, lying face downwards amongst the fern stalks. He was dead. By his side was Fluffy ; she was sitting close up beside his face, and although unable to do anything else, she had kept constant guard over him throughout the stormy night. When the party approached, she bared her teeth and growled savagely, until she heard Mr. Ford's voice. Then when she saw Mr. Ford take the little, lifeless form up in his arms, she got up and slunk away into the night. The boy was not taken home, but to Mr. Ford's mother's house some two miles away. About two hours later, Fluffy turned up at this house, and stayed there until the boy was buried. She was every bit as sad and miserable as her mistress and master were, apparently being well aware of the

tragedy that had occurred ; it is almost certain she would have averted it, had she but known how.

Mrs. Ford was fortunate in having her baby girl ; by concentrating all her affection and care upon this child, she was able, in a degree, to soothe her grief-stricken heart. The girl, Josie, is now four and a half years old, and she and Fluffy are the greatest of pals ; Fluffy protects her staunchly from tramps or anyone else who happens to come near the house. May their companionship be long and happy !

Fluffy, too, has had her life tragedy. Two years ago she had a litter of pups, but, unfortunately, they all had to be destroyed. She was terribly upset about it, and tried to console herself, poor dog, by carrying off Josie's toys to her bed and curling up with them. She kept one toy, a rabbit, in her basket for months, always retrieving it if anyone took it away. Happily, she has long since forgotten this sad incident in her life ; she is six years old now, and sometimes is as playful as when a puppy, taking a delight in romping with her friend Josie.

CHAPTER XX

RAMPTY TAN

SAD as the story related in the previous chapter is, the pathos which shrouds the circumstances leading to the death of little John Main is even more poignant, for the tragedy was, in a way, an outcome of the great friendship that existed between the boy and Rampty Tan. Further, it was Mr. and Mrs. Main's third bereavement; twice before had Mrs Main presented a son and heir to her husband, and twice had the baby boy only entered this world to gurgle its baby talk for a few short weeks, and then return whence it had come.

The tragedy which led to the death of little John occurred one Saturday night in May, 1930. John was then nearly four years old and he and Rampty Tan, a powerfully-built Alsatian, were inseparable companions. The dog had been bought by Mr. Main some two years previously, and, when still a puppy, had taken on the self-appointed rôle of body-guard to little John. No mediæval prince could have wished for a more staunch and loyal attendant. Why the dog conceived so strong an attachment for the youngster, it is difficult to fathom, but, once having taken upon himself the guardianship, he performed it with a zeal that became, at times, embarrassing. As time passed it became dangerous

to scold the child whilst in the presence of his canine protector. If anyone, even the child's parents, attempted to smack him, Rampty used to spring to the rescue, and it was inviting trouble to persist with the punishment as long as the dog remained present. The boy soon came to realize this, and, it must be admitted, traded upon the dog's allegiance. "I'll tell Rampty," he would cry out, when he saw just punishment for any misdeed threatening. Once the dog actually bit Mrs. Main's sister. It was supper time, and Rampty, as was his custom, was seated in a chair drawn up to the table beside his liege. John was in a mischievous mood that night. He had a bad habit of taking some milk or water in his mouth and refusing to swallow it. He would hold it in his mouth and shake his head from side to side, ignoring all reproof; as often as not, the performance would be brought to an abrupt end when he burst out laughing. The result of this can easily be imagined. On this particular night, he started the trick, and his mother leaned over and shook his arm. Rampty immediately gave a low growl, and stiffened ominously. Mrs. Main's sister then joined in, saying, "I'll make the little beggar drink it!" and, getting up, went round behind him and bent over. In a flash, Rampty sprang at her, and nipped her neck with his teeth. The youngster took advantage of his vassal's fealty to further his purposes in other matters, too. The dog seemed, rather uncannily, to understand every word the boy said. One day, Rampty took a fit of barking, and

nothing would make him stop. Mr. Main tried coaxing, stern commands, and then a strap, but all to no avail. For some unknown reason the dog refused to cease barking, and made the still evening air hideous with his yelps. At length Mr. Main said to his wife, "Fetch John and tell him I'll give him a nickel if he can stop this creature yelping." It was an unwise move to resort to bribery, as he found out to his regret later. John was duly fetched, and, on being told the position, ran up to Rampty and whispered in the dog's ear. The effect was immediate, and the dog barked no more that night. John returned to bed, proudly clutching the nickel in his fist. Nothing more was thought of the incident until a few days later, when John asked his father for some money to buy candy. As there was already an overdraft on the pocket-money account, the request was refused. John said nothing, but disappeared into the yard. Presently Rampty set up a furious barking, and John, all innocence, ran into the house shouting, "I'll stop him for a nickel, Daddy!"

Rampty Tan it was who taught the boy to walk. Often the pair could be seen together exploring all the nooks and crannies in the yard at the rear of the house, the boy clutching tightly at the dog's collar, and being led from corner to corner in search of adventure. Later, as John grew bigger and stronger, they used to romp and wrestle together; the dog was very gentle, but even so, John usually came off second best in the encounters. Rampty developed an amazing ability for finding his way to John. If

the boy was out for a walk, and Rampty was left behind, the chain had only to be unfastened and he would bound away in search of his friend ; in quite an uncanny way he used to ferret the boy out, even when he was some distance from home ; one can only attribute it to a superlatively keen sense of smell, for, unlike the messenger dogs used during the war, who relied largely on their sense of direction to take them back to headquarters, Rampty was quite unaware of the direction the boy had taken. Once he traced him over a distance of nearly two miles.

On the fateful Saturday night, Mr. and Mrs. Main went out for the evening to the cinema, leaving John in charge of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wright. As soon as John discovered that his parents had gone out and left him, he became sulky, and went out to his pal Rampty for consolation. The dog was chained up in his kennel, and Mrs. Wright saw John going across the yard to him. She did not worry ; in fact, she thought it was a good thing, as Rampty would keep the youngster amused and out of mischief until bedtime.

Rampty was, of course, delighted. Although hampered by the chain, he jumped about joyfully, ready for a romp. But his young friend was not in a mood for a game ; Rampty soon recognized this, and quieted down, waiting ready at the first sign to obey the boy's command. John bent down and peered into the dog's kennel. It was a roomy, comfortable house, lined with a thick layer of clean straw. Dropping on to his hands and knees, he

crawled in. Rampty Tan followed, his tail wagging with pleasure. In five minutes they were curled up side by side, the boy sleeping peacefully, whilst the dog, his long muzzle resting on the boy's body, kept one watchful eye fixed on his charge. Thus they must have lain for some time, at peace with the world.

Then, a little later, Mrs. Wright, who was busy in the kitchen, was startled by hearing loud calls for help coming from the yard. Hastening out, she saw their neighbour, Mr. O'Brien, clambering over the fence. As he dropped to the ground, he pointed excitedly at the dog kennel in the far corner. Dense smoke was pouring out of the entrance hole.

The pair rushed across the yard and peered inside. Through the cloud of smoke they could see the body of little John stretched on the boards, seemingly unconscious. Inside the kennel, the flames were crackling fiercely; Rampty Tan was standing with his big body between the boy and the flames, shielding him as best he could. All the burning straw was scratched—presumably by the dog—to the front of the kennel, and the boy, whose clothes were smouldering in places, was lying stretched right at the back. His feet, however, were still in the flames. Subsequent examination revealed marks on the boy's clothes which indicated that Rampty had dragged him into that position before placing himself as a living shield to the flames. It may also be stated here that two live matches were found in the boy's pocket; probably he had others, one of which he

used to start the fatal fire. Where he got them from will ever remain a mystery, for they were of a different type from those used by Mr. Main and the rest of the family. They were always very careful to keep all matches out of his reach, as on several occasions he had, when a box had happened to fall into his hands, displayed a great delight in striking them and setting fire to anything lying handy.

Mr. O'Brien, whose attention had first been attracted by Rampty's muffled barks, quickly seized a broom and pulled the burning straw out; the kennel itself had not yet taken fire. Both he and Mrs. Wright, knowing how particular Rampty was about anyone touching John, then called to the dog and tried to entice him out; but he would not leave John. Mr. O'Brien caught hold of the chain to drag him out, but let it drop quickly; it had hung suspended over the flames, and was almost red hot. Then, throwing caution to the winds, the man reached down and seized the boy's legs. Poor Rampty, he did not know his precious little pal was not going to be hurt, so he flew at the man and bit him twice. In spite of this, Mr. O'Brien bravely persisted, and succeeded in pulling John out. Let a gentle veil be drawn over the sight that met their horror-struck gaze. Suffice to say that an ambulance was summoned immediately, and the boy was rushed off to hospital at top speed, a police patrolman riding on a motor cycle ahead to clear the traffic.

Mr. and Mrs. Main were fetched from the cinema, and hurried to the hospital. All that medical science

could do, was done in an effort to save the boy's life, but, alas, it was in vain. He recovered consciousness for a few moments, and seeing his mother bending over him, whispered "Mamma!" He died half an hour later, leaving his parents well-nigh distracted with grief.

And what of Rampty Tan? His burns were even more severe than the boy's, for after dragging the unconscious lad to the back of the kennel, he had stood and borne the full blast of the flames, and the agony he endured must have been terrible, the subsequent state of his body gave ample testimony of this. All the hair was frizzled off one side of his body, and the flames had burned deep into the flesh; his front paws, too, were severely burned. When it is remembered that, although chained up, he was free to leave the kennel had he wished, one cannot but marvel at the tremendous devotion and loyalty that kept him there, a living shield to his young pal, whilst the angry flames licked about him and bit into his body.

As soon as John had been rushed to hospital, attention was given to Rampty. The chain was unfastened, and he limped out of the kennel. He was in such a pitiable state that he could hardly stand; nevertheless, he looked round anxiously, as though seeking John; finding that the boy was missing, he staggered into the house, and searched in the different rooms. Later, he was taken to a Veterinary Hospital, where his injuries were attended to; it was a month before he recovered sufficiently

to return home, and fully a year before he finally shook off the after-effects of his terrible experience. On returning home, his first action was to look for John ; sad to say, his search was perforce fruitless, and it was pitiful to watch his distress grow as the days passed and he could not find the boy. He searched tirelessly everywhere, in the house, about the yard, and round his charred kennel, only stopping to snatch a few meagre mouthfuls of food, and an hour or two of fitful sleep. Later, he extended the search to the streets in the neighbourhood, and visited all their old haunts in the fields and by the river ; whenever he saw a young boy about the size of John, he used to dash hopefully towards him, only to drop his tail and slink away when he got close enough to see that it was not the one he sought. Even to-day, four years after the unhappy event, he will sometimes prick his ears and look hopefully at some youngster in the distance. As time passed, he settled down more, but he has never quite given up hope that one day his little friend will return. A peculiar thing is the distrust, even antagonism, with which he regards Mr. O'Brien. The dog has retired very much within himself, and repulses angrily all friendly advances, seeming almost as though he harbours a grudge against humanity ; as a result, most of the people in the district regard him somewhat with apprehension, and he has become a rather lone, sad creature, still cherishing a hope that can never be fulfilled.

Mohd. Yusuf

CH

CHAPTER XXI

CHUM

AS a contrast to the sad stories related in the two previous chapters, here is one more cheerful about a little sealyham who has won the 'VC' Collar, and who is also an exceedingly clever little actress. Many traits in human character can be found also in the make-up of the canine nature. There are jolly dogs, and morose dogs; aggressive dogs and timid dogs; cunning dogs and guileless dogs; generous dogs and greedy dogs, and so on. Most people could name off-hand some dog who shows markedly one or more such characteristics, but it is more difficult to say whether these distinctive qualities of virtue and vice are inherent in the dog, or have been inculcated as a result of his long and intimate association with man. Be that as it may, there is one trait of character found quite often in the canine species, which is definitely a result of association with man; namely, the delight in showing off before an audience. Even as there are some humans whose souls crave for publicity, and who thrive in the glare of public admiration, so there are some dogs who delight in any sort of play-acting or trick-performing that will draw the limelight upon their small bodies. This

hunger for applause is so strong in some dogs that they will go to almost any lengths to gratify it. Chum, who belongs to Mrs. F. Hadden, of Southsea, is a born actress, and in her young days never tired of performing to an appreciative audience. But whatever her feelings may once have been, she has in recent years had a surfeit of admiration for her talents, and is now inclined rather to polite boredom when she appears in public. In 1929 she earned her Collar—the deed cost her the sight of one eye—by saving the lives of Mrs. Hadden and her family from a fire. Since then she has appeared with the other Brave Dogs at Dog Shows in various parts of the country ; has been filmed three times ; has received a visit from a Press photographer who made a special journey from London for the purpose, the photographs subsequently appearing in numerous newspapers ; and she has been the centre of attraction at various Charity Shows in Southsea. So altogether, she has received public attention sufficient to satisfy the most vain dog.

Although there may be some dogs who would envy Chum's popularity, it can hardly be begrudged her, for she certainly is a very clever little actress. Her ' turns ' include, amongst many other things, feigning illness, writing a letter, laughing heartily at a joke, saying her prayers, making love to the cat (this she does by putting an ' arm ' round its ' waist ') and, as a finale to her performance, sitting up and clapping her ' hands ' in applause—presumably at her own cleverness and as a lead to the audience ; it is all

performed with such seriousness, and the appropriate expressions are so realistic, that it is really quite difficult to believe that the dog is only acting the parts.

She performed the Brave Deed that won her her Collar in November, 1929. Mr. and Mrs. Hadden had retired for the night, leaving Chum downstairs. At about one o'clock in the morning they were awakened by the dog scratching at the bedroom door, and barking furiously. Mr. Hadden got up and opened the door; smelling something burning, he hurried downstairs and found the lower part of the house ablaze; the rooms were filled with dense clouds of smoke, and the fire had gained a strong hold. He managed to reach the street, and rushed off to call the fire brigade. Meanwhile, Mrs. Hadden had attempted to follow him, but found that the smoke and fumes were so thick that she was unable to descend the stairs. Turning back, she clambered out of a window, and crawled along a narrow ledge to the adjoining house. On reaching safety, she remembered that it was Chum who had given the warning, and that the poor dog was now, presumably, trapped in the flames. She was terribly distressed at this thought, but her fears were soon put to rest; apparently Chum had followed Mr. Hadden downstairs, and had succeeded in reaching safety, for she had been seen in the street after the alarm had been raised.

Meanwhile, the fire brigade had arrived, and were attacking the flames. Mrs. Hadden looked round for

Chum, but the dog was nowhere to be seen. A neighbour again re-assured her that he had seen the dog outside the house safe and sound, so Mrs. Hadden concluded that Chum must be about somewhere, although she could not be seen ; it was not easy to detect a small dog in the dark, amongst the confusion of hurrying firemen, fire-engines, hose-pipes and spectators who had now gathered round the blazing house.

But a little later, when the firemen managed to subdue the flames and reach the upper storey of the house, they found the little sealyham sitting patiently waiting in the bedroom. Seemingly, she had followed Mr. Hadden out of the house, and then, finding that her mistress did not come also, she had dashed back again through the flames to the bedroom ; finding the room empty, she had then sat down and patiently waited for her mistress. When the firemen rescued her, she was almost overcome by the fumes and smoke, and was severely burned about the ears and head. By long and careful nursing, Mrs. Hadden was able to restore her faithful friend to health, but the dog subsequently lost the sight of one eye as a result of the burns she had received.

CHAPTER XXII

BUNTY

THE instinct of self-preservation is one of the ruling forces of animal life. We humans, with our highly complex thoughts and emotions, sometimes bow before circumstances, and privily ask, "Is life worth while?" The thought may come and go unanswered in a flash, it may meet with a defiant, Yes! or it may call forth a weary, No! but to most of us it comes at least once—though, perhaps, we would not for the world admit it. It rarely comes before adolescence—wherein, perhaps, lies partly the secret of that strange, unfathomable bond so often evident between children and animals.

For most animals—if we may judge by their actions—never question the worthwhileness of life; however hard pressed by circumstances, however great the pain or discomfort they suffer, their one desire seems to be to escape and resume the normal course of life. Their desire to live is indomitable. Were it not so, many of the tricks man plays on God's lesser creations would not be possible; beasts of the jungle would not be seen pacing restlessly in our zoos and menageries, covering a space about three times the length of their own bodies and then wheeling to pace it again; lions and tigers would not

BUNTY OF LIVERPOOL.

A brave dog of mixed antecedents, but with a good deal of the Labrador Retriever about him.

make fools of themselves by squatting on tubs beneath the glare of spot-lights in the circus arena ; moorland ponies, blinded by long years of darkness, would not toil in the bowels of the earth ; and those children of the wind, our wild song-birds, would not beat their wings vainly against cage bars.

Such animals would just die. Deprived of what is to them more than life itself—freedom, they would simply relax their hold on life, and die of inanition. Many captive wild beasts do die quickly. It is said that at least fifty per cent. of those captured, die before they reach their destination.

A domestic dog, on the other hand, will die for no other reason than that it has decided that life is no longer worth living. In other words, it will commit suicide ; not violently, but simply by relaxing its hold on life.

There is a big difference between the case of a dog who refuses food after the death of its master or mistress, until it, too, dies, and the case of the newly-trapped wild beast who refuses to eat and so dies. In the one case, the cause is love ; in the other, fear. The dog knows the meaning of death, and seeks it voluntarily ; the captive wild beast knows nothing but fear—fear of the unknown, of strange powers which it cannot combat, and against which all its strength and knowledge are as nought. Such a death must be a miserable ending, but it is probably a merciful relief. The captive wild beasts that die early in their confinement are usually the fortunate ones ; those that survive are condemned to a living

death. When a man commits a crime against society, society punishes him by depriving him of his liberty ; but even in those cases where the crime is a major one, and the term of imprisonment correspondingly long, the prisoner has the consolation of the prospect of ultimate release. By what right do we sentence hundreds of wild animals, whose only crime is that they possess bodies different from our own, to life-long close confinement ? Liberty means as much to them as it does to men ; indeed, it probably means more, for man has mind and the adaptability which mind gives. True, there are certain animals that take kindly to captivity ; but there are many others—such as the big and small cats, the wolves, the bears, the big apes, the eagles, the hawks and the vultures—to whom it can mean nothing but long-drawn-out wretchedness, and who are, in addition, captured and conveyed to their destination in a manner which is necessarily one long torture lasting sometimes for weeks.

The fact that a dog will, after the death of its master or mistress, seek death also, is interesting inasmuch as it betrays a keen comprehension of the meaning of death. Kindness and attempted consolation are unavailing in such cases, a number of which are on record. A wife of a member of the Brighton town council fell ill, and was confined to her bed for some weeks. During this period she was constantly attended by a faithful and affectionate dog, who either slept in her room or just outside her door. She died, was buried, and the dog followed

the remains of his beloved mistress to the grave. After the funeral, the husband and his friends returned to the house, and while they were partaking of some refreshments, the dog put its paws on his master's arm, as if to attract his attention, looked wistfully in his face, and then laid down and instantly expired. A still stranger case was that of a Newfoundland dog who committed suicide by drowning itself in a river, the cause of this action remaining a mystery. The dog belonged to a certain Mr. Floyd, a solicitor living at Holmfirth. For some days previously the animal seemed less animated than usual, but on this particular occasion he was noticed to throw himself into the water and endeavour to sink by preserving perfect stillness of the legs and feet. Being dragged out of the stream, the dog was tied up for a time, but had no sooner been released than he again hastened to the water and again tried to sink, but was again rescued. This occurred many times, until at length the animal, with repeated efforts, appeared to get exhausted, and by dint of keeping his head determinedly under water for a few minutes, succeeded at last in obtaining his object, for when taken out this time he was indeed dead.

In March, 1927, the death occurred of a certain Mr. A. E. Ward, a resident of Bootle, near Liverpool. When the coffin was carried from the house, a rough-haired Irish terrier stood on the doorstep, watching every movement closely. He waited until the procession had disappeared from sight, and then entered the house and sought his master's bed. Within a

week, during which time not a morsel of food passed his lips, the dog had followed his master into the Unknown.

The double loss left a sad gap in the family circle, comprising the widow and her grown-up family of two sons and a daughter, so, very wisely, it was decided to introduce a successor to the faithful Irish terrier without delay. Accordingly, a short while afterwards, a young puppy, possessing a noble head, thoughtful eyes of a dark brown hue, long, drooping ears of velvety texture and a smooth, glossy coat of golden brown, took up his abode with the bereaved family. He was about three or four months old, and though obviously of mixed antecedents, had a good deal of the Labrador retriever in him.

The young pup, who was christened Bunty, soon settled into the ways of the household, and developed a strong affection for all its members, including Polly, a grey African parrot. This bird was a remarkably talkative one, and very quickly learned to imitate every sound it heard. It soon had the young pup at its beck and call, its raucous cries of "Bunty! Bunty!", followed by loud whistles, bringing the dog rushing obediently into the room. Whether there was any connection in the bird's mind between those particular words and the dog, it is impossible to say, but it certainly seemed to take a great delight in them, and it was some time before the dog grasped the situation. Even then, he was often deluded by the calls.

During his puppyhood, Bunty was very shy and

nervous ; he was terrified by any unusual noises, and would seldom allow any stranger to touch him. He showed a marked attachment, though, for the baby, Alfred. The latter was only a few months old, and Bunty spent a great deal of his time at the side of its cot. Often when it awoke and started to cry, he would hurry downstairs and show by the excited manner in which he ran about and kept returning to the stairs, that the young one needed attention.

As time passed, two baby girls, Jean and Muriel, came into the family, and with each in turn he behaved in just the same manner, lying on guard beside the cot for hours at a stretch.

Four blissful years passed, and then a great change occurred in his life. Domestic affairs necessitated a move to a distant town by the Ward family, and, greatly to their sorrow, it was found impossible to take Bunty also. It was, therefore, arranged that he should go and live with a certain Mr. Richard Dobson, on the Marquis of Salisbury's estate at Childwall, just outside Liverpool. Naturally, they entertained fears at first that he would fret and pine, but, fortunately, he accepted the change philosophically ; from this it might be supposed that his affection for the members of the Ward family was of a shallow nature ; but such a supposition would be far from the truth, for he always goes into transports of delight when any of them visit him. He seemed to appreciate that the separation was not of a final nature ; maybe some dim realization of this reached his consciousness as a result of the repeated

whispered assurances from the children that the parting was inevitable, but not complete.

His first act on reaching his new home was to pick a quarrel with the household cat, who had hitherto reigned supreme. Puss came off second best in the encounter, and, deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, vanished. It was several days before she ventured home again, by which time Bunty had settled down in his new surroundings; each seemed to accept the inevitability of the other's presence in the house, and a mutual pact of hostile tolerance was reached. Not long afterwards, the cat died and was replaced by a black Persian kitten. Bunty immediately took a real interest in the new arrival. Its obvious helplessness and its very active sense of fun seemed to appeal to him, with the result that they soon became firm friends and playmates. It was a pretty sight to see the large dog stretched before the fire with the little black kitten nestled comfortably up against his chest.

The dog quickly formed a close friendship with his new master. His sense of time is very accurate, and he always knows when to expect his master's return, going to the door beforehand to welcome him. Every night he goes down to the gate and waits for the cyclist who brings the evening paper. At the sound of the approach of the bicycle, he trots out to meet the rider, and asks for the paper, barking loudly until it is given to him. He then returns home carrying it in his mouth, and delivers it to his master.

He performed the brave deed which earned him the

right to wear the ' VC ' collar in April, 1933. Miss B. Williamson, who keeps house for Mr. Dobson, was cooking the dinner one morning ; she is subject to fits, and, unfortunately, had one whilst attending to the kitchen range. She fell right across the fireplace, and then lost consciousness. She was wearing a velvet dress, the folds of which fell across the open front of the range, and quickly caught alight. When, at noon, Mr. Dobson came home, he found the room full of smoke, and Bunty almost in a frenzy. The dog had torn away the burning portion of the girl's garments by scratching and biting, and put them out, burning his mouth and paws as he worked. He had also dragged the girl's body away from the fire. When Mr. Dobson appeared, Bunty flew to him, grabbed his coat in his mouth and then dashed back to the unconscious form on the floor, seizing her skirt and dragging her still further away from the fireplace, in which a large meat dish, dropped by the girl as she fell, lay broken. Mr. Dobson carried the girl to a sofa and then telephoned for an ambulance. She was taken to hospital, where she had to remain under treatment for burns and shock, for five weeks. It was several weeks, too, before Bunty's burns healed.

News of Bunty's bravery soon spread. The local branch of the R.S.P.C.A. presented him with a special silver-mounted collar, and later he received the *Daily Mirror* award ; he has since also been presented with several medals by animal-lovers.

CHAPTER XXIII

BRUCE

THE story of how Bruce, a Great Dane belonging to Mr. G. Davis, of Bradfield Farm, won his 'VC' Collar will be told and re-told for many years to come by the inhabitants of the little Essex village of Doddinghurst. His hour-long battle with the boar is an epic which will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Any reader who cares to visit either of the village's two little inns of an evening when the farm hands are forgathered, will find little difficulty in discovering one who will be willing to tell him the tale. For did not the cries and snarls of that battle royal echo throughout the whole village and out beyond, so that the labourers at work in the fields dropped their tools and hurried down to discover the cause of all the commotion?

It happened one afternoon in June, 1934. The village lay wrapped in silence. The menfolk were away in the fields at their work, their women were taking a well-earned siesta. A sense of serene peace and quietness enveloped the entire countryside. The only travellers along the dusty white road that curled through the village were white and brown butterflies fluttering idly with the light breeze. It was a warm breeze, laden with the scents of summer, and carried

with it the sounds of the fields and meadows—an indistinct murmur of insects on the wing, the rustle of the air itself amongst the leaves of the oaks and elms, the call of a thrush or greenfinch, the chirrup of grasshoppers, the faint tremor o'er earth and air as a horse shook itself—these and a dozen other sounds blended into one throb—the throb of life itself, steady, measured and never ceasing. The only sound that gave evidence of human activity was a distant drone and clatter, telling of a meadow, hidden from sight by a fold in the land, being mowed.

A great expanse of green meadows and ploughed furrow enclosed the sleepy village. The neat line of the hedges bounding the road and the fields was broken here and there by groups of heavily-massed trees, behind which white, billowy clouds rolled together in the sky. At Bradfield Farm all was still and silent. In the farmyard, the fowls had left off scratching in search of insects, and lay basking in the afternoon sun, in little spaces hollowed out by their feet and wings as they shook the dust up into their feathers.

In the shadow of the long cowshed, lay Bruce, the Great Dane, hero of this story.

His massive head rested on his forepaws, and his ears twitched occasionally to drive away the flies that settled there. A heavy chain was fastened to his collar, and to a staple in the wall.

As he lay resting, a shrill scream shattered the quiet and peace of the summer's afternoon, sending the

great dog in one bound to his feet, ears and tail erect, nostrils quivering.

Again that scream—a terrified scream of a woman in distress—quivered through the stillness of the afternoon. The Great Dane stretched at the length of his chain, straining in the direction whence the sound came. A moment later a woman, her hair streaming, her face flushed and anxious, ran at full tilt round the corner of the line of cowsheds. Close at her heels followed a large white boar, his huge body swaying from side to side as he raced after the woman, his small feet covering the ground at an amazing rate.

The woman's foot caught in a cobble, she stumbled, grasped for support at a door of the cowshed which stood open, and managed to save herself from falling. But the delay had brought the boar up to her heels. She stumbled forward again, gasping painfully for breath and exerting all that remained of her spent energy to reach the house and escape the tusks of the half-mad creature at her heels. Meanwhile, Bruce had added his voice to the hubbub. Recognizing the woman instantly as his mistress, he appreciated the danger that threatened her. But the heavy chain held him back from rendering the assistance he could otherwise have given. Again and again he hurled his great body forward, only to have it jerked back when the chain ran taut. His neck hurt where the collar tugged at it, and the sudden jerks jolted the breath out of his body, but he took no heed and hurled himself forward again. He leapt,

was checked for an instant in mid-air by the chain, and then plunged forward, rolling over in a heap on the cobble-stones ; the chain was still attached to his collar, but the staple in the wall to which it had been fixed had been pulled out by the force of the jump. Scrambling to his feet, he bounded across the yard, the chain dragging over the stones behind him.

Then commenced a battle that was to last for over an hour. The dog had the advantage of height and agility, but the boar had greater weight, and its tough hide left few vulnerable spots. The dog was hampered, too, by the chain dangling from his collar. The first rush the dog made took the boar by surprise—he was too intent on his quarry to notice the dog. Bruce rushed at him, a vexed grumble rolling in his throat, and sought to grip him at the back of the neck. His teeth found their hold in the folds of thick skin, and, closing his jaws, he tugged with all his strength. With a snort in which astonishment mingled with rage, the boar swung its body round to meet this unexpected attack ; the dog swung with him, and thrice they circled completely round, neither quite determined what to do next. Then the dog, realizing that to retain his hold would only sap his strength whilst not seriously affecting that of his opponent, released his grip and leapt back. In a flash he was forward again, reaching out to seize the boar's huge snout. But he was not quite quick enough ; the boar threw its head up, and one of its long tusks struck the dog on the side of the jaw, sending him reeling sideways.

Bruce drew back. He was not afraid—there was no place for fear in his heart—but he recognized in his adversary a skilled fighter, one whose abilities must be respected. He decided to adopt other tactics. Darting from side to side, he barked furiously at the boar, first in this ear and then in that, confusing it by the noise he made, fuddling its mind by his rapid movements. Then, seizing his opportunity, he grabbed at one of his enemy's long ears. The boar screeched with pain and impotent rage, and whirled around in a vain effort to shake itself free. Round and round they whirled, tumbling over one another, blind to everything else except their mutual desire to kill one another. A cloud of white dust rose above them, the fowls flew in terror from the yard, cackling loudly in protest at this disturbance of the afternoon peace. Some rooks, resting in the upper branches of a group of nearby elms, flew out in alarm, the ducks on the little pond adjoining the farmyard gathered in an anxious group, and quacked to one another plaintively. The whole scene, so quiet and peaceful a short while earlier, now echoed with cries of alarm and distress, above which the screech of the boar and the angry deep-throated snarls of the dog predominated.

Several women from nearby cottages hurried to the scene, some children, so small that even school had no use for them yet, raced excitedly from the far end of the village, a mare in the meadow beyond the cowsheds neighed, calling her foal to her side.

And still the fight continued. Once, the dog

missed his footing, and was crushed against the wall. He felt the hot, foul breath from the boar's nostrils fan his face, saw its wicked, beady eyes glaring relentlessly into his own, and then one of the tusks sank deep into the flesh of his neck. Somehow he managed to break free, and scramble to his feet again. For over an hour the battle raged with unabated fury. Farm hands from the fields arrived on the scene, for the uproar of the conflict could be heard nearly a mile away. They tried to separate the pair, but in vain.

Right across the yard, past the stables and into the little garden in front of the farmhouse the pair fought. Rose trees, Delphiniums and Canterbury Bells scattered in all directions, but neither animal took any heed; each had its eyes fixed relentlessly on the other's, each was fired with but one desire—the desire to kill. Bruce, strong though he was, felt his strength beginning to ebb; the continual knocks and blows he received dazed his mind, and the chain trailing from his collar kept entangling itself in his legs, making him stumble and falter when he tried to leap away from those terrible tusks. His sight became blurred, and his muscles answered the messages flashed to them a fraction of a second too late.

Then he saw the opportunity for which he had been waiting for nearly an hour. The boar lunged at him, its snout passed within a few inches of his mouth . . . he seized it in his jaws as it swung past, and held it fast. The boar swung this way and that, banging the dog's head down on the ground again and again, half stunning him. But though his brain reeled, and

the brilliant sunlight faded into dim darkness, the dog held on ; through his confused brain there ran one clear thought—never, never, happen what may, must he let go that snout.

The end came at last. The boar, overwhelmed by pain and exhaustion, rolled over on its flank, and lay quivering. Several of the men who had hurried to the scene, rushed forward to seize Bruce. Dimly aware that victory was his, he released his hold, and allowed them to carry his battered body away.

The trouble had all started when Mrs. Davis went into the meadow to feed a sow and her litter of young porkers. The boar—a large four-year-old Middle White—was kept shut up in the barn because it was so vicious, but had somehow managed to work its way out, and as soon as it saw her approach the sow, rushed at her furiously, chasing her right across the meadow and into the yard. Bruce, who usually has the free run of the farm, was kept chained up at that time because he was inclined to worry the young pigs.

The dog is a fine specimen of his breed ; he has a quiet dignity and an air of self-reliance which is very pleasing to observe. Every summer a number of children from the slums of the East End of London come to spend their holidays at a free camp established by Mr. Davis on the farm. Bruce enjoys their company, and is a great favourite with them all. He lets the youngsters take any number of liberties with him. During the winter months, he often goes round collecting money to help pay for the children's holiday. He is now about four years old.

CHAPTER XXIV

BOB OF ENFIELD

BOB, a black-and-white mongrel of the terrier type, attracts much attention on account of his roguish appearance when he appears with the other Brave Dogs at the various dog shows. His coat, which is of a beautifully soft texture, is white, with large black markings, and one of these dark patches is placed sideways over his right eye; the right ear, also, is tipped with black. These markings, coupled with the fact that he has a habit of cocking his head on one side and raising the right ear whilst allowing the other one to drop, give him a most comical and waggish appearance, and one that seldom fails to win the heart of any dog-lover. But, perhaps, if Bob knew that this was the reason why so many of the visitors to the shows want to make a fuss of him and pet him, he would try to do something to alter his appearance. For, although he is perfectly well disposed towards strangers, usually, in fact, making the first advances to friendship, he does not really enjoy his public appearances. "Bob is a creature of the woods," declares his owner, Mr. John Hyde, of Enfield, "his whole thoughts seem to be centred on rabbits, rats, voles and hedgehogs." The

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BOB OF ENFIELD.

A plucky and clever black and white mongrel terrier.

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dog will spend hours happily nuzzling and scraping amongst some bushes or at a rabbit hole ; but it is curious to note that rarely, if ever, will he kill any wild creature when the opportunity offers, unless he has definite orders from his master to do so. " Live and let live " seems to be his motto, for he is quite content to enjoy the excitement of the hunt, and then let his prey escape unharmed, when it is within his power to kill.

Bob was born in September, 1926. His parentage is doubtful, but it is believed that his mother was a Lakeland Terrier, and his father a nondescript mongrel. He was acquired by Mr. Hyde's younger brother, Joseph Hyde, who, learning that the puppy was to be drowned, saved him from this untimely fate and took him home. It is a curious coincidence that Bob, a year later, in his turn saved the lad from drowning, thus, as it were, squaring the account. The incident happened on May 17th, 1927. Young Joe Hyde and a friend, Ernest Hobourn, went bird's nesting, and took Bob with them. They reached some old disused gravel pits, which were filled with water to a depth, in some parts, of 30 feet or more. Whilst the two boys searched for birds' eggs, Bob enjoyed himself dashing hither and thither amongst the undergrowth that grew thickly on the banks of the pit. The boys spotted a nest in a tree near the pit, and whilst Joe was climbing to it, his companion played about at the water's edge. It seems he ventured on to a kind of raft made of fallen branches and bits of old wood, and the contraption collapsed,

pitching him into the water, for Joe, hearing a cry and a splash, looked down and saw his friend floundering in the deep water. Joe slithered down the tree as fast as he dared. There was no time to lose. He could see that Ernest was obviously in difficulties, and would soon sink and be drowned unless help came to him. Joe raced to the edge of the pit and, although unable to swim, courageously jumped into the water to try to rescue his friend. But the water was thick with clinging weeds, which soon became entangled round his legs. He tried hard to reach Ernest, but the weeds dragged him back and he felt his strength beginning to give out. Soon he was quite exhausted, so thickly did the weeds entwine themselves about his legs. To his despair, he realized that, far from being able to rescue his friend, he himself was now in danger, and could not reach the bank again. Just at that moment he felt something tugging at his arm, and, turning, he saw the roguish black-and-white face of little Bob smiling up at him out of the water at his elbow. The dog had caught hold of his sleeve with his teeth, and was trying his very hardest to drag the boy ashore. It put new heart into the exhausted lad, and he renewed his efforts to reach the land. Bob swam beside him, pulling at his coat with all the strength of his small body. At last the pair managed to gain the bank, where the boy collapsed and fainted. When he revived, there was no sign of the dog, so he set off across the fields, and presently he saw Bob bounding towards him, followed by a lady. This lady had

been busy in her garden, when she was startled by the sudden appearance of Bob, who leaped over her garden fence, and, running up to her, took hold of her skirt and started tugging it. At first she was naturally a trifle scared by the dog's strange behaviour, but when Bob started barking and running backwards and forwards between her and the gate, she saw something was amiss and realized that he wanted her to follow him. This she did, and so met Joe, who told her of the tragic accident. She immediately summoned the police, meanwhile attending to the needs of the drenched boy.

The police soon arrived, and when they were dragging the pit (unfortunately Joe's friend, Ernest Hobourn, was drowned), Bob stood watching them. During the operations, he spotted the boy's cap floating on the water, and promptly plunged in and retrieved it. Throughout the whole unhappy affair, the dog showed that he realized quite well what was happening, and did all a dog can do to help.

Bob is well known in Enfield, and has a large circle of friends. He seems to have a preference for men, apparently, for some unknown reason, looking upon womenfolk as inferior beings. With children he is always happy ; he will play with them by the hour and is always gentle. The one thing he seems to demand of life is that it shall hold plenty of fun. Often he can be seen trotting along some lane, his head cocked a little to one side and a mischievous gleam in his eye, a ball bulging from one side of his mouth and a string of noisy children in his wake.

Once when out for a walk on some golf links, he watched a man drive from the tee, then scampered after the ball and captured it, refusing to deliver it up for a long time, much to the annoyance of the incensed golfer, and the discomfiture of his embarrassed master. He loves to be taken out for walks, and if left behind, is very disconsolate. Often he will escape from the house, and creep along some distance behind, only revealing himself when he considers the distance sufficiently far from home to prevent him being taken back again. On one such occasion, he followed Mr. Hyde's sister on to a 'bus. She did not know he was with her, until, feeling something rub her leg, she looked beneath the seat and discovered a rather guilty-looking Bob.

Every morning he goes off on his own and visits all his friends in the neighbourhood. He goes to their doors and scratches ; if he is kept waiting too long, he barks in a peremptory manner. He invariably receives at each house some small tit-bit, which he accepts as the due of friendship and eats on the spot. If given a bone, though, at one of the houses, he will keep it to consume at leisure later in the day, and first completing his round of calls with it in his mouth, will then go home and bury it in a flower-bed, or sometimes put it in a corner of the kitchen and cover it with pieces of old newspaper. He is very particular about these bones, and will not allow anyone to touch them. He will let the cat, with whom he is very friendly, share all his other food, but if she so much as sniffs at one of his bones, he

flies into a fury. The cat and he often play together, and he will allow her to play with his tail when he is resting in front of the fire ; he even lets her climb on to his back, and use it as a cushion to sleep upon.

Although of such a friendly disposition, and always ready for a lark or game, Bob never extends the hand (' nose ' would really be the more appropriate word !) of friendship to other dogs. Whenever possible, he avoids them ; he seems to have a particular dislike for all Alsatians and greyhounds. He is seldom idle, and always finds some little job to amuse himself with. Whenever other diversions are lacking, he fills the gap by carrying from place to place heavy articles, such as a spade, a brick, or a log. Once his master discovered him busily engaged in transporting a long iron girder weighing over 10 lbs. He becomes completely absorbed in the accomplishment of these self-imposed tasks, and attacks them with amazing zeal and energy.

When his water bowl is empty, he pushes it round the room with his nose until someone replenishes it. Although he is an excellent swimmer and loves the water, he hates being bathed. As soon as the word is mentioned, he recognizes it and becomes very agitated, and barks frantically. Finally, as a last resort, he sprawls on his back, and waves his paws feebly in the air, as though beseeching to be let off. There are a great number of other words he recognizes. If one of them is spoken in conversation when he is lying at rest, he opens one eye for a moment or two, so as to see whether or not it was

addressed to him. If it was not, the eye closes again.

Naturally, all these engaging little mannerisms and habits, together with his lively disposition, have endeared Bob to Mr. Hyde and his family, quite apart from the gratitude they feel towards him for having saved the life of young Joseph Hyde.

CHAPTER XXV

BLAZE THUMTAX

IN the early spring of 1929, just after the winter break-up, when all the rivers started overflowing and the alder clumps showed their first new shoots of young growth, H. G. Barton, trapper, hunter and mining surveyor, packed up his few belongings and hit the trail for the North. The last mail had brought him a letter from his old friend and fellow-trapper, Joe Le Blanc, inviting him to go and pass the summer with him. Le Blanc lived in a tiny wood shack buried away in the heart of the vast pine and spruce forests of Kamiscotia, Northern Ontario, where for many months of the year wild blizzards roar down from the North, laying low giant pine trees, and sweeping the crisp, fine snow into deep drifts. However, it is a land where the trapper usually reaps a rich harvest of pelts and furs, and Le Blanc promised his friend an interesting time if he joined him after the logging season was over.

The old trapper was fixing his axe when Barton turned the last bend in the trail, and came out into the clearing before the shack.

“Bonjour, mon ami!” yelled the excited voyageur.

“The same to you, and many of them!” called back Barton.

The shack lay snugly up against a ridge of granite, sheltered from the force of the north wind, and the two men were soon comfortably seated before the stove, filling their pipes after a welcome meal; a trapper, in spite of his solitary existence, usually lives well, for the wild creatures that share his domain provide him with a varied and tasty menu. The two men had much to say, for Le Blanc had been isolated from the outside world for the greater part of the winter, and was, of course, anxious to hear all the news from his friend. In the vast, lonely land of the moose trail, newspapers are practically unknown, and the gap is filled by chatter and talk passed from mouth to mouth—an age-old system of gossip and news, popularly known as the ‘moccasin telegraph.’

At last, though, there came a pause in the conversation, and Le Blanc, taking his pipe from his mouth, remarked:

“By the way, old Ottertail has a couple of swell huskies to dispose of. I’ve seen them, and they sure would make good sledge dogs.”

Barton’s interest was aroused immediately; a few months earlier he had lost his dog, Rex, in a bear trap during a trip to Fortune Lake. Rex and he had been tried and trusty pals on many a long trail, and as yet he had not been able to find a dog good enough to take his place.

“I must get up and see the old fellow as soon as the lakes are clear of ice-floes,” he said.

One fine morning, a day or so later, Barton set out on the trip. The old Indian he was going to see was a lone descendant of a line of proud chiefs of the Ojibway tribe, who had roamed the snow-covered wilderness long before the white man set foot in the country. Two days' journey brought him in sight of the Indian's camp, which proclaimed itself by a thin spiral of blue smoke rising from behind a clump of young jackpine. As dusk fell, they sat facing one another across the fire, exchanging reminiscences of the past winter's exploits. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a low howl, and two young dogs came loping into view ; they were returning to camp from an afternoon jaunt in search of game. The next day Barton expressed his desire to buy a dog, and after some bargaining, became the possessor of one of the pair in exchange for a bottle of rum. Little did he know then that the dog he was buying would one day save his life. A few days later, he returned to Le Blanc's shack, and commenced the pup's education. The dog was a fine specimen, shaggy-coated and powerfully built ; his mother was a Labrador huskie, his father an Alsatian, and he seemed to inherit the good qualities of both parents. When he was fully grown, he stood over three feet high, and weighed nearly 100 lbs. Barton christened him Blaze Thumtax, the first name being the sort of 'trade-mark' of the snow trail, derived from the voyageur's method of cutting, or 'blazing,' his track through the forest on the trunks of the trees he passes. The dog and man seemed to take to one

another from the very first, and throughout the summer, Blaze's education was continued. He learned to obey the word of command, to pull the sledge without getting the traces all tangled and knotted, and, most important of all, to endure long hours of weary tramping through the snow without losing heart.

In course of time, the flight of wild geese going south, their great wings filling the air with a loud whirr-whirr, heralded the approach of winter. Le Blanc was busy all day repairing his traps and getting everything ready for the long winter season, so Barton decided to take a short trip to the north-east in search of a new beaver meadow they had heard rumours of. Le Blanc warned him not to stay away from camp too long, as he feared that the first winter blizzard would break upon them at any moment.

"Don't tarry on the shores of Elbow Lake," he said, "it's going to storm a fair blizzard soon."

Assuring his friend that he would be back before dusk the next day, Barton set out with Blaze at his heels. The pair were firm friends by now. Sometimes Blaze would dash on far ahead, as though impatient with his master's slow pace, and when called to heel by a sharp whistle, he would rush back and grin up at Barton as though enjoying a great joke at his expense. Now and again he would try to stir up trouble by barking furiously at a passing bear, or by attempting to rouse a moose, but at the sharp, "Come here, Blaze!" he always returned and fell in at heel. He quickly learned, too, to follow

gingerly in the marks of his master's snowshoes in the valleys where the drifts were many feet deep.

The pair swung along the trail merrily. The clear, frosty air set the blood tingling in their veins ; the only sounds to be heard in the vast loneliness were the 'twang-twang' of the man's snowshoes on the crusty surface of the snow, and the occasional howl of a distant wolf, or fox. By mid-day they reached Elbow Lake, but the trip proved to be a fruitless one ; not a trace of beaver was to be found anywhere. Barton was still searching when he felt a few sharp eddies and gusts of snow-laden wind, and, glancing overhead, saw that it would not be long before the threatened storm burst.

"Come on, Blaze. Time we got going !" and the pair swung off on the homeward trail. As they hurried along over the white, desolate countryside, a low moan gave warning of the approaching blizzard. The trail ran along a high, saw-back ridge, and then passed into a deep pine-wood ; the thick branches, laden heavily with snow, hid the sky from view completely, and now and then a sharp gust of wind sent a miniature avalanche of snow upon their heads. Barton's eyes were bent on the trail. Suddenly he heard a wild, piercing screech just behind him ; before he could turn, a crashing blow struck his shoulders, and the next thing he knew, he was sprawling headlong in the snow with some creature clawing fiercely at his back. The sudden blow and fall stunned him for a moment ; when he recovered his scattered wits, he became aware of a terrific battle

going on close to him. Looking up he was at first unable to distinguish the combatants one from the other. Then, as they drew apart for a second, he saw it was his faithful Blaze struggling with a fully-grown lynx. Apparently, the wild-cat had leaped onto his back while his attention was absorbed in picking out the trail, and his brave dog had immediately sprung to the rescue. Instinctively he reached for his revolver, but soon saw it would be impossible to use it for fear of hitting Blaze. He scrambled to his feet, and stood helplessly watching the terrific fight. The two animals were wrestling and tearing at each other like fiends. Over and over they rolled in a deadly embrace, snarling hideously and soon great patches of crimson appeared in the snow around them. Barton could do nothing except stand and watch the death-fight. At long last Blaze rolled uppermost, his great jaws flashed out, and the sharp fangs sank deep into the lynx's throat. He held the grip for a few moments, then rolled over with a gasp, and lay in the snow, too exhausted even to whimper, or wag his tail when his master bent over him. The lynx was dead.

Barton knelt down beside his dog. The poor creature was wounded in many places, the worst one being a great gash over the side of his face, from which the blood was flowing freely. Bandaging the wound as best he could, Barton tried to raise the dog from the ground. But Blaze was too exhausted even to stand up.

Meanwhile the blizzard had broken in earnest,

and the wind howled through the forest, rocking the tall pines like reed-stalks. At the end of an hour, Blaze had recovered sufficiently to get up and limp along slowly. With their heads bowed against the force of the snow, the weary couple resumed the homeward trail. The whirlwind chaos of snow beat and buffeted and snatched at them with clinging fingers, but stubbornly they kept on, the man encouraging the limping dog at his side with kind words.

Barton has only a dim recollection of that terrible journey. Although the forest afforded some shelter from the force of the gale, he was in constant dread of being crushed beneath a heavy bough whipped off by the wind. Heavily laden as they were with frozen snow, the great branches snapped off like dead twigs. Above the roar of the blizzard, he could hear the crashing 'Boom! Boom!' on every side as they fell. By some means or other, he managed to keep the trail, and at last saw, through the whirling snowflakes, the winking light of the shack window. Just at that moment Blaze's strength gave out and he collapsed in the snow. The dog tried to rise again, but could not do it; so Barton picked the huge beast up in his arms, and staggered up the slope to the cabin. It was all he could do to carry so heavy a burden, but at last he reached the shack, and, kicking the door open, burst in upon his astounded friend. When Le Blanc heard the story he congratulated Barton warmly on having acquired such a brave and faithful dog. "There's no doubt, mon ami, you

would be a dead man now but for Blaze," was his verdict.

For some days it seemed doubtful whether the poor dog would live. But by dint of careful nursing, the two men managed to pull him through, and in course of time he regained his former vigour. For several seasons Blaze accompanied his master on his trips through the lonely, snow-covered land of the moose trail. Then, Barton decided to leave the northern wilderness, and took up residence in Hamilton, some 800 miles south of Kamiscotia. Blaze, needless to say, went with him, and the two are living there to-day. The dog is happy enough with his master, but at times he seems to yearn for the land of his birth. It is often thus with animals. Take them from their natural environment, and do what you will to make them happy, but sooner or later the great, inconsolable yearning of homesickness will come upon them. Feed them on the fat of the land, house them in the lap of luxury, pamper their every whim, but you cannot stifle that wave of homesickness—a puff of wind, a faint scent, or a memory-stirring call, will set afire the longing for the homeland. The impulse is very active in the horses of the great pampas lands of South America, as many a ranch-owner knows to his regret ; if he is not quick to detect the warning signs, he will awake one morning to find his kraal empty, the horses having answered the call of the beckoning hand whilst he slept. And he will probably have to ride 150 or 200 miles to fetch his truant animals back from the

estancia of the neighbour from whom they were purchased. Of all the domestic animals, perhaps the dog suffers least from this fever. His relationship with man is such that he is usually content as long as he is with his master, no matter to what part of the globe their wanderings take them. True, from time to time one can see some dog, a saluki or borzoi perhaps, straining at the leash in a city park, with a look in his eye that seems to betray a longing for a far-away land of purple mountains and widespread plains ; but such creatures are the exceptions that prove the rule. The fever attacks Blaze every December, when the Christmas tree is brought into the house. How excited he becomes ! He dashes up to it, and sniffs it all over, whimpering frantically. As long as it remains in the house, nothing will induce him to leave it. He sniffs at it continually, his nostrils quivering with excitement, as though unable to inhale sufficiently the memory-stirring aroma of the pines.

He still carries a large scar on his muzzle, showing where the lynx ripped his cheek open. He seems to understand a great deal that is said to him, and sometimes sits with his long muzzle resting on his master's knee, listening to talk of the wild, free life in the land in the north ; when he picks out familiar words, a merry sparkle lights the brown-black eyes, and his big ears twitch. When he first left the back-woods, he was very puzzled by many of the sights and sounds of city life—the crowds of people, the motor cars, the bustle and hurry, and all the other

strange sights that greeted him. He was particularly puzzled by a parrot kept by the next-door neighbour, and has not yet fathomed the mystery of how the bird manages to talk like a human being. He will sit for hours and gaze at it in a fascinated way, cocking his head on one side whenever it speaks; sometimes the bird whistles, and then Blaze's patience becomes quite exhausted—first giving one or two raucous, impatient barks, he then turns and hurries away, giving vent to his indignation by disgruntled growls. He is very superior to all other dogs, scornfully ignoring them as unworthy of his notice.

He is only just five years old now, so, let it be hoped, he has many happy years before him yet. Perhaps one day his master will take him back to visit once again Joe Le Blanc's little log cabin in the lonely backwoods, where the tall pine trees stand silhouetted at night against the pale, soft radiance of the northern stars—grim, stark sentinels over a land of sparkling white.

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